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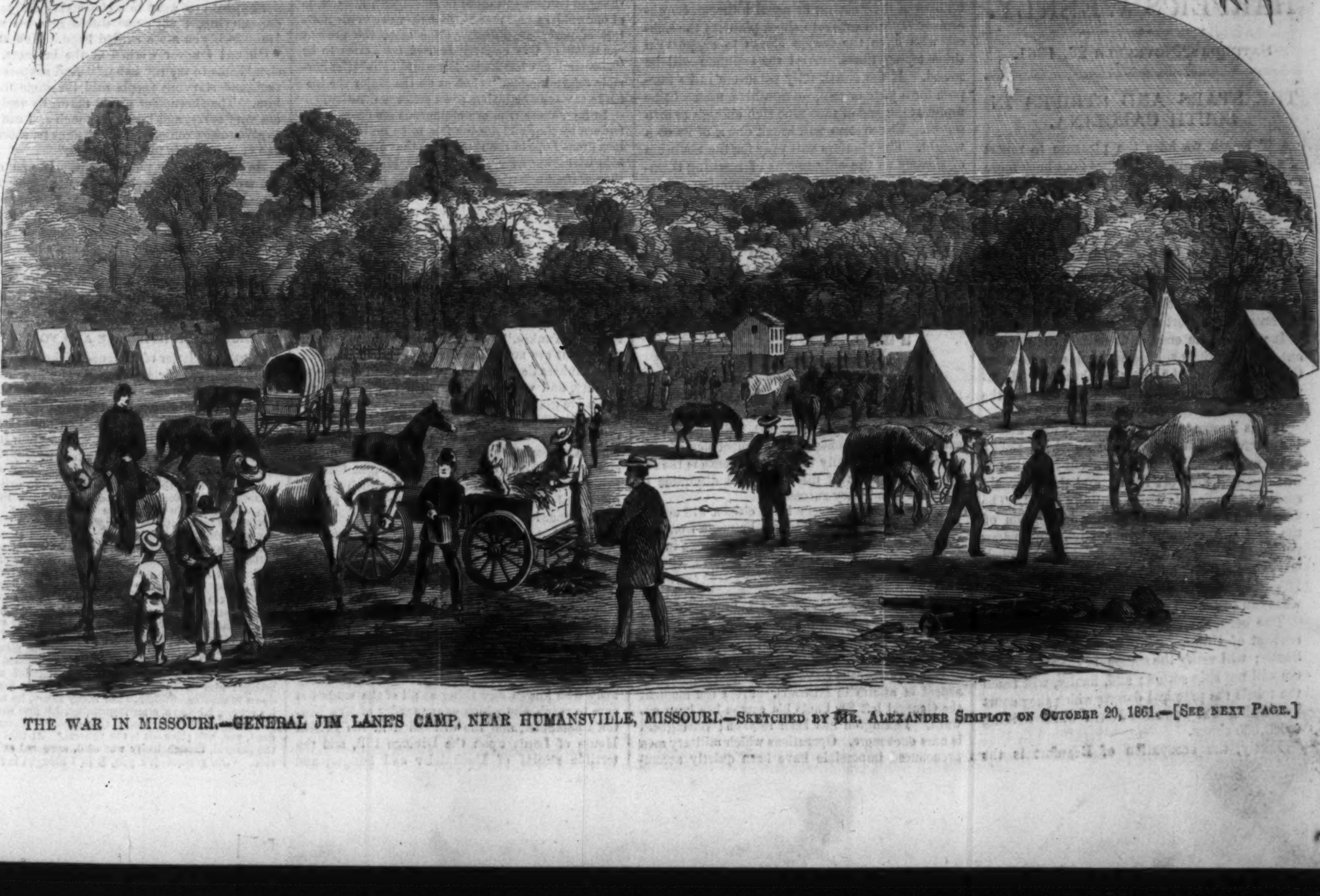
Indian Scouts in Gen. Lane's Camp.



THE WAR IN MISSOURI.—GENERAL JIM LANE'S CAMP, NEAR HUMANSVILLE, MISSOURI.—Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot on October 20, 1861.—[See next Page.]

GEN. LANE AND HIS ARMY.

Our artist with the army in Missouri, Mr. Alexander Simplot, lately visited the Camp of General Jim Lane, the famous Kansas General, the terror of Missouri, and has sent us the sketches which we reproduce on the preceding page. The correspondent of the New York *Times*, who accompanied him, thus describes the General, the Indian Scouts, and the Camp:

Lane is a man of some fifty years of age, of medium height, and at first sight rather unprepossessing. His figure is slight, his head wide at the top and narrowing down to the jaw, like an inverted pyramid; his brow wide and high; his eyes small, black, and overhung by cliff-like eyebrows; his mouth sensual, and, combined with a gleam of fun in his eyes, has an expression of great good-humor and enjoyment that wins one irresistibly to the conclusion that he is the best fellow in the world. His hair is thin, slightly tinged with gray, and shoved away from his head in every direction, as if he had just come in from running bareheaded against a strong wind. In conversation he is ready, full of a rollicking sort of humor; and, in short, in his whole style of conversation, his looks, etc., reminded me of some Joe Bagstock Nero fiddling and laughing over the burning of some Missourian Rome.

Proceeding a few hundred yards below Lane's encampment, I came upon another of a different character. Huge fires blazed up, throwing great flashes of light upon the brown autumn woods, and making a play-ground for fantastic shadows across the prairie and the woodland, around which lay in supreme indolence, or sat comfortably inhaling the fragrant weed, a motley crowd of aborigines. I soon had the honor of taking by the hand a copper-colored gentleman, who, stretched upon his right side before the genial fire, was inhaling tobacco-smoke through the handle of his tomahawk, and who rejoiced in the expressive title of Wa-ne-pagh-kugh. He replied to my "Good-morning, Sir; glad and happy to make your acquaintance," with a guttural "Ugh?" and the Indian salutation "How." After addressing a few remarks to him, to which he listened with profound attention, I found that he did not know a word of English, and turned my attention to other braves. I next had the honor of an introduction to a gentleman in ministerial black, with a tall "plug hat," from which towered upward a dozen peacock and goose feathers, who, I was informed, was John Conners, head Chief of the Delawares. Mr. Conners indulged in a slight knowledge of English, and, after the usual commonplaces, I left him, and was presented to a little, good-looking young fellow in citizen's dress, who, I was informed, was John Johnnycake, interpreter of the Delaware braves. John Johnnycake, Esq., I found to be a young gentleman of great intelligence and modesty, and who spoke most excellently both English and French, and I suppose also the Delaware vernacular.

He informed me that Wa-ne-pagh-kugh was war-chief of the Delawares; that there were 54 of his tribe in the field; that they were armed with tomahawks, scalping-knives, and rifles; that their principal business was scouting; and that almost all of the crowd had good horses, and had accompanied General Frémont once before in some of his expeditions across the plains and over the mountains. Mr. Johnnycake (whose Indian name I did not learn) stated that a much larger force from his tribe would soon take the field, and also that delegations from various other Indian tribes in Kansas would soon unite their arms and lives with the Union cause.

GENERAL HUNTER,

COMMANDING OUR ARMY IN MISSOURI.

We publish on page 741 a portrait of General Hunter, who has succeeded General Frémont in the command of our army in Missouri. General Hunter is about sixty years of age. He graduated at West Point in 1822, the twenty-fifth in rank in a class numbering forty, and was appointed Second Lieutenant in Infantry. Having risen to a First Lieutenancy, he was in 1836 made Captain of cavalry, but shortly after resigned. In 1842 he rejoined the army as Paymaster, in which position, with the rank of Major, the present Administration found him. He accompanied Mr. Lincoln from Springfield, on his tour to Washington, as far as Buffalo, where, owing to the pressure of the crowd, he suffered a dislocation of the collar-bone. Shortly after he was made Colonel of the Third Cavalry, and then Brigadier-General. He commanded a leading division at the battle of Bull Run, but was wounded early in the day.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 23, 1861.

THE STARS AND STRIPES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

At length we have the pleasure to report that the Stars and Stripes float once more over the disloyal soil of South Carolina. Though we are without direct or authentic intelligence from the fleet, the reports which reach us through hostile channels agree too well to be the work of fraud or mere baseless rumor. There is no reason to doubt that at this time General Sherman is in possession of the town of Beaufort, South Carolina, and of the forts which guarded the entrance to Port Royal Inlet.

It will be time enough to discuss the important considerations suggested by this event when the full report of the affair reaches us. Meanwhile three thoughts force themselves on the mind:

It was known at New Orleans as long ago as 17th October, long before the Northern public knew any thing about the expedition, that it was destined for Port Royal, and that it would consist of the vessels which actually sailed. The first authentic statement of the destination of the fleet was contained in a Richmond paper published about the end of October. The rebels were therefore thoroughly warned and prepared. If our expedition was nevertheless successful, what can the rebels expect hereafter?

The occupation of Port Royal will test the amount of Union feeling which lingers at the South; will verify the statement that the planters will not ship cotton; and, finally, will teach the rebels the practical danger which they court by making war upon the North while holding 4,000,000 slaves.

Lastly, the occupation of Beaufort is the first step toward a geographical redistribution of population, trade, and industry in the Southern country. The Government will *never* relinquish Beaufort. It will be an open port and a place of trade and activity long before the seals are loosed from the harbors of Savannah and Charleston. People will fly to Beaufort from the two latter cities, which will decay and die out just as the cities of ancient Chaldea have perished—a memorable monument of the cost and folly of treason.

ABOLITIONISTS AT THE SOUTH.

Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Jefferson Davis, advises the Southern planters to abandon the culture of cotton, and to devote their land to the production of food. Similar advice is urged upon them by the leading journals of Richmond, New Orleans, and Memphis. It is very justly argued that, pending the blockade, cotton will be useless, while corn, wheat, and pork will be inestimable.

Such sensible counsel the planters can not well disregard. They have on hand at present nearly three million bales of cotton, much of which can not be sent forward to market for want of bagging, and none of which can be sold at a price which would pay the planter for growing it. It would argue great folly on their part to increase their stock under such circumstances.

This diversion of land and labor, however, from the culture of cotton to that of cereals, must produce a remarkable change in the Southern mind on the questions which have led to the pending rebellion.

Negro Slavery in our Southern States depends directly on the production of cotton. It does not pay to raise any thing but cotton with slave labor. Wherever cotton is not raised slavery can not be maintained—except for the purpose of supplying the cotton-fields with fresh hands. Experience has shown that this is a mere question of figures. The price of slaves at the South depends upon the price of cotton. It is usual to say that male field-hands are worth one hundred dollars for every cent the pound of middling uplands commands. When middling uplands is worth twelve cents—as was the average last year—good field-hands could not be bought for less than $1200. If middling uplands fell to six cents, good field-hands could be bought for $600. If middling uplands could not be sold at all, there would be no market for slaves. This is precisely the condition of affairs at the South at present.

Its political significance arises from the fact that, when the price of slaves falls below a certain point it ceases to be a gain, and becomes a loss, to be a slave-owner. When, thirty years ago, male adult slaves fell to $400 in Virginia, the leading men of that State became emancipationists, and slavery would have been abolished if the development of cotton culture at the far South had not suddenly created a demand for negro labor, and caused the price of slaves to advance one hundred per cent. in a few years.

The blockade is now going to reproduce, over the whole revolted section, the state of things which existed in Virginia in 1830. There is no market for cotton, and consequently none for slaves. It is becoming a burden to be a slave-owner. Instead of rating men's wealth by the number of their slaves, as usual hitherto, Southern society will estimate those planters the richest who have the fewest slaves to support in these trying times. And the estimate will be sound. If the North only persevere in its purpose for a year or two, no Southern man will be found at the end of that time rich enough to own slaves. The system will break down of its own weight. The planters will pray for the abolition of slavery as the only means of rescuing themselves and their families from starvation.

Growing corn and wheat with slave labor is like manuring the earth with *patés de foie gras.* The harvest will be fine, no doubt; but every ear of corn will cost its weight in gold. Mr. Memminger is the most radical abolitionist of the day.

THE LOUNGER.

GENERAL FREMONT.

The right of the President and Commander-in-Chief to remove any subordinate officer is unquestionable. The duty of removal, when he is persuaded of the dishonesty or incompetency of any such officer, is equally clear. Obedience is the indispensable point of discipline, and discipline is essential to military success.

While, therefore, every loyal citizen will acquiesce in the removal of General Frémont from the Western Department, every thoughtful man in the country can not but consider the moment chosen for his removal most unfortunate. Had the order followed the fall of Lexington, it would have been received in silence: with regret, indeed, for a noble man who was thought inadequate to a peculiar position, but without any general impression of undue harshness.

But two months have essentially changed the aspect of affairs in Missouri. From the moment the General left St. Louis his course has been onward. Lexington has been retaken; Springfield is ours once more. Operations which military men pronounced impossible have been quietly accomplished by Frémont. He has crossed rivers safely. He has moved a large army without apparent means. His Body-Guard, which is simply the name for a picked body of men, like Scott's Body-Guard in Mexico, has achieved a brilliant victory, due alike to military skill and to personal courage. With his army flushed with conscious power, and devoted to him with that enthusiasm which insures honorable success; with the enemy before him, and an attack momently expected, the General in whom so many hopes centred—whose operations during the last few weeks had silenced even slander—who, for some reason, had been selected as the scape-goat of our complaints and discontents—is summarily removed.

He does what every faithful soldier and patriot should do. He bows with serene dignity to the command; addresses a few earnest words of natural regret, of sympathy, of encouragement, and of patriotic appeal to his soldiers, who, dismayed and indignant, threaten insubordination; remains, at the request of the officers, to lead the army should the battle be offered that night; then retires with the same manly simplicity which has marked every act of his life.

For the honor of his country and for his own honor, General Frémont will, of course, at the proper time, demand a Court of Inquiry. And the honor of all good citizens is involved. Are charges and statements like those in General Thomas's report, of which the obvious tendency, if not intention, is to ruin the military character of a general, and to imperil the safety of the country by causing a want of public confidence, to come to the newspapers "in regular course from the War Department with authority to give it to the public," before any authorized statement of the removal of the General has been made? The authorization by the War Department of the publication of the *ex parte* memoranda of General Thomas against General Frémont is a more flagrant dereliction of duty than any thing those memoranda charge upon the General. And if such statements, so many of which have been already shown to be erroneous, have been the grounds of the removal of the Commander of the Western Department, how many such breaches of good faith with our soldiers are necessary to furnish adequate grounds for the removal of the Secretary of War?

The nation, which confides implicitly in the honesty and singleness of purpose of the President, will acquiesce in his action in this case. But it has a vital interest in knowing why a leader of its armies so dear to the popular heart, from whose path the mists of doubt were rolling away, and who stood with all the prestige of triumph before a dispirited and retreating enemy, was disgraced upon the very eve of battle. It is a just curiosity which nothing but the revelations of a Court of Inquiry can satisfy.

REUTER'S TELEGRAMS AND MASON'S COMMISSION.

The telegraph for American news in England is in the hands of a person named Reuter, and Mr. Reuter serves up precisely such news from America as England desires. His bulletins are the unfailing records of disaster to the Government of the United States. Rebellion flashes rosy along his wires. The inevitable consequence is that the worst possible impression of our condition is constantly conveyed.

One of his latest performances was the announcement that "the veteran General Wool had been surprised by General Mansfield at Fort Monroe. This is the all-important fort which commands the entrance of the Bay of Chesapeake, and which the Federalists have held so long."

This is the kind of news which is read by those who live by the river of Thames. And yet the favorable change of sentiment, even in the newspapers, is very marked. There is, however, one thing to be borne in mind in all English discussion of our affairs; and that is, that they are made matters of party argument. Of course, the present condition of this country is held by Tories to be "a settler" of what Major Beresford calls "the horrible reform mania." Let us do the Major the justice to say that he insists upon strict neutrality.

In fact, those who are clamorous for open interference by England are too few to be noticed. The last great hope of the rebellion—that of foreign aid—is withering away. When Mr. Mason, the author of the Fugitive Slave bill, distinguished in the Senate of the United States for his insolent plantation manners, arrives in London, he will find himself in exactly the position that a commissioner from Nena Sahib would have found himself in Washington.

Upon this subject it is delightful to agree with the Richmond *Examiner*—that "he is the very best man we could send abroad to show foreign nations that the Southerner is a different type altogether from the Yankee." Of course the reasons for our agreement are not the assertions of the *Examiner*, that Yankees lie, fawn, bully, brag; and are mean, canting, and vulgar. And when the paper says, "We are glad to be able to contrast such a gentleman with Charles Francis Adams, the Puritan representative of freedom at the Court of St. James," what American, who loves Milton and Hampden, and honors Oliver Cromwell, who fought Charles Stuart for the same great cause in which we are fighting Jefferson Davis, will not cry with all his heart, Amen!

WOMEN AND LAW.

The readers of this column will remember that there has been the warmest commendation here of two or three little books by Mrs. Dall, treating with admirable temper, scholarship, and delicacy the question of the chances and protection which women have in modern society. The results of her investigation are precisely those which every body who knows any thing at all of the subject is sure to reach, and which every reader of Mrs. Norton's pamphlet, and the discussion in the British House of Lords upon the Divorce Bill, and the terrible stories of Duchatelet and Sanger, and the sad stories of Henry Mayhew, has already suspected.

In her new work, "Woman's Rights under the Law," Mrs. Dall discusses the question so earnestly and candidly, with such good sense and good taste, in so humane and religious a spirit, that her little book is sure to awaken interest as well as to help the reader to a just conclusion. There is certainly no harm in asking the question whether the social and legal position of women is as fair as that of men. If it be so, a candid statement will show it. If it be not so, every honest man will wish to remedy a wrong. Why, for instance, the most intelligent and capable women in the land should be allowed by law to hold property, and yet forbidden to have a voice in the disposition of the taxes—in other words, a vote—while the dullest clodhopper who comes from a foreign country and works in her fields, but who has and can have no intelligent idea of the necessities of our Government or of any Government, should be permitted to dispose of those taxes and his mistress's share of them, is one of the practical absurdities which is defended only by a prejudice. Let any intelligent man ask himself why his mother should not vote, and the man drunk at the corner grocery should, and the answer would be amusing to hear.

The sphere of woman, we all know, is the nursery; at least, if we do not know it, it is not for lack of telling; and to no holier sphere could any human being be called. The sphere of man is the office and shop; and to no more useful sphere could any person be summoned. Since, then, both men and women have a divinely-ordained sphere, who is to make laws for society?

It is manifestly a question that will be discussed, and the law of the different States is constantly yielding more and more to the pressure of the principle that taxation and representation must go together. We men make the laws. Like all lawgivers, we please ourselves. In this case those who are displeased can not right themselves by the strong arm. It is, therefore, only the most patient and charitable consideration of the whole subject that can secure any change; and it is as the most faithful and attractive contributions to that calm and wise consideration that the books of Mrs. Dall are so valuable. They abound in the most curious and interesting information, gathered from many sources. Their tone is the reverse of truculent. They are most womanly books about women.

A WORD WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

The Lounger, with many thanks, declines the following: "Immolatus;" "Violets;" and the proposition of "Marye." To the correspondent who writes from Maine the Lounger can only say, with all the force at his command, that considerations of the personal necessities of an author ought never to be urged upon an editor or publisher. That a man is starving is the best reason in the world for giving him food; but it is no more reason for buying his manuscript than for buying his old shoes. Writers are asked to contribute to magazines and other publications, not because they state that they need the price of their articles, but because their articles are considered to be worth paying for, and would be so if they were written by Crœsus or Rothschild.

Nor let any poor youth or shrinking woman in the least misunderstand this statement. A generous man buys matches of a match-girl, not because he wants them or is going to use them, but that he may give alms under cover of a bargain. That is what you ask a publisher to do when you say to him: "Sir, here is my essay, or poem, or story, and I have nothing in the house for dinner." If he likes your story for his purpose, he buys it, not because you lack a dinner, but because it is a good bargain for him. If he does not like it, but takes it and pays you, it is alms for you to buy food.

Suppose you went to a shoemaker and said, "I am starving, I wish you would give me work." He asks if you are a skilled hand. You answer, "Oh no! I never worked at the business, but I should like to try my hand." And suppose that a thousand starving people said the same thing to him. The shoemaker would naturally reply: "I am very sorry, and here is as much as I can afford to give to buy soup for you. But as for shoes, they can only be made by shoemakers."

So with literary publications. If you can do the work, you are welcome, limited only by the demand. But you have less reason to expect success as an author than as a shoemaker. Probably any handy person can learn to make shoes. But something more than writing a story is essential to literary success.

It is an old story. For you, friend who ask, it is a sad story. But for all of us it is a true story.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AND VOLUNTEERS.

A recent letter of Florence Nightingale's to her brother-in-law, Sir H. Verney, who had invited a large body of volunteers to a banquet at his house, has been already mentioned in most of the papers, but only a single extract has been published.

There are thousands of our soldiers now in camp who will like to see the whole letter:

"Oct. 9.

"I should have thought it presumption to write to the volunteers if not desired by you. My point, if there was one, was to tell them that one who has seen more than any man what a horrible thing war is, yet feels more than any man that the military spirit in a good cause, 'that of one's country,' is the finest leaven which exists for the national spirit. I have known intimately the Sardinian soldier, the French soldier, the British soldier. The Sardinian was much better appointed than we were. The French were both more numerous and more accustomed to war than we were, yet I have no hesitation in saying that we had the better military spirit, the true volunteer spirit to endure hardship for our country's sake. I remember a sergeant, who, on picket, the rest of the picket killed and himself battered about the head, stumbled back to camp, and on his way picked up a wounded man and brought him on his shoulders to the lines, when he fell down insensible. When, after many hours, he recovered his senses, I believe, after trepanning, his first words were to ask after his comrade, 'Is he alive?' 'Comrade, indeed, yes, he's alive—it is the general.' At that moment the general, though badly wounded, appeared at the bedside. 'Oh, general, it's you, is it, I brought in? I'm so

glad; I didn't know your honor. But, ——, if I'd known it was you I'd have saved you all the same.' This is the true soldier's spirit. Lastly, I would impress on the volunteers the necessity of drill, practice, exercise, brigade movements. Garibaldi's volunteers did excellently in guerrilla movements; they failed before a fourth-rate regular army. We trust that our volunteers will never know what real war is; but they must make themselves a reputation to be feared by the enemy, in order not to see that enemy ever at their own hearth-stones.

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

WAR SONGS AND HYMNS.

THE debate upon National Hymns being in order, the Lounger has received this suggestive word from *Barbarossa:*

"Why is it that these songs (the "Marseillais," "Mourir pour la Patrie," or "Rule Britannia") have the power to fire a man's heart, brace his nerves, and make the timid courageous? Why can not "The Star-Spangled Banner," or "Hail Columbia," or "Partant pour la Syrie," or "God save the King," do it as well? Simply because the latter are only assertions of known facts and pious wishes, while the former, in words and music, contain a determination to act, to go ahead. And this is in my opinion the song we need most at present. Hymns will do after the battle is over, but not while it lasts.

"After the battle of Leuthen, a few of the victorious Prussian soldiers started a solemn hymn, in which soon the whole army joined, and the deep, full notes brought tears to the eyes of Frederick the Great; but had it been sung before the battle, it is questionable whether it would have brought tears to Frederick's eyes or victory to his army."

ONE VICTORY.

THERE is one unexpected but most beneficent result of the war. It is gradually leading us all to discuss *the* question with good feeling and in good temper. Of course we all know, and say in perfectly good faith, that the war is solely for the supremacy of the Government. But we all know equally well that it must affect slavery somehow. It must help it or hurt it.

In truth, the question is now passing from its first stage into the second; from the eloquent appeal necessary to arouse the people to the calm consideration necessary to secure them. We all want peace—permanent peace—peace with honor. We shall therefore gravely consider this question. Whoever tries to shirk it is justly open to suspicion. He may have an unappeasable prejudice against the name Abolitionist. But this is a time, and the immediate future is a time, in which we must "conquer our prejudices," as Mr. Webster said, upon quite another occasion. We can not stop to gratify our prejudices. We must secure the national tranquillity.

We shall all readily admit that it is a delicate question—a difficult question in some respects, and if not justly settled, a very dangerous question. For these reasons it will be most frankly discussed. Whatever in a time of peace can not be discussed in this country can not be honorably tolerated. The Tariff is a grave question; the Bank was a grave question; the old points of Federal and Republican difference were grave questions; and if discussion of them had been suppressed, as of late years the discussion of slavery has been, they too would have brought us to war. Free talk is our only talisman of national safety. And until the mind and conscience of the people can be stopped, of what use is it to try to stop their mouths?

Or again, is the most vital of all our public questions the one that we may most safely elude? Is it not clear that if we had not hitherto so strenuously tried to avoid it, if there had not been an amusingly abortive effort made to appropriate the word "national" to the interests of a single class in one section of the country, we should have talked by the war and into a permanent peace? For the Government of this nation is public opinion. The only way by which the policy of the Government can be affected is by discussion. When debate has fairly persuaded that opinion, it will lawfully indicate the change. That is all that any voter, however ardent, desires. And the voters are the great mass of the people. Those who are technically known as Abolitionists are, upon principle, non-voters, believing with unquestionable sincerity that the Constitution is fatal to human rights.

If you read the debates in the Constitutional Convention, in the first Congress, and later at the admission of Missouri, and in 1833 at the commencement of the moral anti-slavery appeal, and indeed the whole history of the country for seventy years, does it not seem incredible that a subject whose mere mention was so frantically exciting was not felt to be the very one whose consideration could not be safely omitted for a day? If there is a spot in your body so morbidly sensitive that the least touch makes you writhe, is that the spot that must not be looked at, or is that the very one which the wise surgeon will thoroughly examine, even though he may have to bind you that he may do it?

Taught by experience and common sense we shall no longer insist upon making the ostrich our symbolic bird, running and hiding his head in the sand. Henceforth it shall be the eagle, in fact as well as in name, soaring heavenward and gazing at the sun.

OUR SOLDIERS.

"ABRAHAM HEAVUP" writes to the Lounger a very clever and very sarcastic letter from Washington upon the late heroic but hapless battle at Ball's Bluff. At the close he says:

"I wish, dear Lounger, you would set me right, for brother Ben is a Brigadier, and won't listen to my arguments; saying that civilians (civil people, I suppose, is what he means) ought to have no opinion whatever about military affairs, unless they either belong to the militia or are senators."

Let us spare our sarcasm, Abraham, in the presence of heroism, unhappy though the result was. Perhaps those who were to blame expiated the error by dying on the field. The bitterness of feeling which bursts out in sarcasm is natural. But let us rather ponder with secret pride this extract from General Stone's report of the battle. Upon the retreat "the smaller boats had disappeared, no one knew whither. The largest boat, rapidly and too heavily laden, swamped some fifteen feet from the shore, and nothing was left to the gallant soldiers but to swim, surrender, or die. With a devotion worthy of the cause they are serving, officers and men, while quarter was being offered to such as would lay down their arms, stripped themselves of their swords and muskets and hurled them out into the river to prevent their falling into the hands of the foe, and saved themselves as they could by swimming, floating on logs, and concealing themselves in bushes and forests to make their way up and down the river, back to a place of crossing. The instances of personal gallantry of the highest order were so many that it would be unjust now to detail particular cases. Officers displayed for their men, and men for their officers, that beautiful devotion which is only to be found among true soldiers."

OUR BATTLE-CRY.

THERE is some justice in the complaint that we have no inspiring war-cry. The rebels shout for independence. They cry out against invasion. They declare their homes and shrines and property in danger. How, it is asked, can you oppose the cry of "Constitution" to that of "Home?" How can you kindle enthusiasm by demanding the enforcement of the laws? What, even, is the cry of "Union," when mistaken men thrill their own hearts and their neighbors' by appeals for wife and child, although it is they only who endanger them?

If we are a nation—and, if not, what are we fighting for?—if we are a great people, with a collective national life and national significance, let the word of all victorious patriotic enthusiasm flame upon our lips as it burns in our hearts. When the cry of national honor rings along our charging line, it is a burst of music in which each soldier's heart hears separate strains. Wife, parent, child; dear graves of the dead, and sacred shrines of prayer; the glory of the Past, the promise of the Future; the hopes of Humanity given to our keeping; the divine treasures of peace and prosperity, of justice and liberty;—for these they fight, for these they fall, whose bubbling cry of Death or Victory is the honor of their country.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A RUSH OF ROYALTY.—Amidst the mob of monarchs that have lately been favoring Louis Napoleon with their society, we think there is one king whom of all others the Emperor would be the most delighted to see in France this year, and certainly his presence would be the most welcomed by the manufacturing classes in England—and that is KING COTTON, from America.

DIFFERENCE OF TASTES.—In taking a new house the first thought of the woman is, where shall the piano be put? Of the man, which shall be the smoking-room?

SPECIMEN OF A SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

SCHOOLMASTER. "What do you call the Cotton-Tree?"
PATRIOTIC PUPIL. "A branch of Treason."
SCHOOLMASTER. "Has it any root?"
PATRIOTIC PUPIL. "Slavery."
SCHOOLMASTER. "What is its seed like?"
PATRIOTIC PUPIL. "Sedition."
[*The* PUPIL *is patted on the head, and presented with a hundred-bladed bowie-knife by way of prize.*

We see there is advertised a "Rotary Umbrella." This may be useful in the event of losing one's *parapluie*, for there may be a circumbendibus chance then of its coming round again to its original owner.

SOME PERSONS ARE NEVER SATISFIED.—A poor simpleton was complaining of a large sum of money that he had lost through a friend, when the companion, into whose sympathetic ears he was pouring his griefs, inquired if he still retained his friend? Upon being answered in the affirmative, the philosophic advice was, "Then be content, my dear fellow; you can't expect to have both your money *and* your friend!"

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

One evening last week Secretary Cameron was at the —— Club in New York, and was conversing with some bankers on the Ball's Bluff disaster. "Strange," said the Secretary, "that Stone should have acted thus: his appointment was urged on the Government by every banker in New York."

"I never recommended it," instantly replied Mr. M—— T——, of the C—— Bank.

"Nor I," echoed Mr. V——, of the C——.

"Nor I," said another.

"Oh! excuse me, gentlemen," blandly retorted the Secretary, "I remember the names perfectly, for they were the same as I noticed *on the remonstrance against my appointment.*"

The sensation in the —— Club can be imagined.

Why can not the rebels ever *dress well?*—Because they've proved, by deserting their flag, that they have no eye for the *selection of their colors.*

One of the Massachusetts prisoners taken at Ball's Bluff was being "chaffed" by his captors at Richmond. "Say, Yankee," said one coarse brute, "how many regiments has Massachusetts in the field?"

"'Bout thirty or forty," was the reply.

"Reckon she won't send any more," said the Southerner.

"Massachusetts," said the Yankee boy, his eye lighting up, "will send a regiment a day as long as the war lasts, and if that won't do she'll go herself!"

THE BEST JOKE OF THE SEASON.—The New England woolen manufacturers protesting that our troops had better go half clad rather than that any woolen cloths should be bought outside of their shop.

Why do we know that the Union *must* be preserved?—Because it's in a *pickle!*

The late Mr. John Jones being asked by a friend "how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels?" replied, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."

A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of supporting all of them. "But," said a friend, "you have sons big enough to earn something for you now." "The difficulty is," said the man, "they are too big to work."

"Mamma," said little Nell, "ought governess to flog me for what I've not done?" "No, my dear; why do you ask?" "'Cause she flogged me to-day when I didn't do my sum."

At the Newcastle bazar a gentleman lingered for some time at one of the stalls, which was attended by a very handsome young lady. "The charge of your inspection of my wares," said the fair dealer, "is half-a-crown, Sir." "I was admiring your beauty, ma'am, and not your goods," replied the gallant. "That's five shillings," responded the lady with great readiness; and no demand, perhaps, was ever more cheerfully complied with.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—Courtship is the engagement or siege; the proposal is the assault; and matrimony the victory.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Ever eating, ever cloying,
All-devouring, all-destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till it eats the world at last.

Fire.

Why is cold cream like a good chaperon?
Because it keeps off the chaps.

What fish could be called in church without shocking the congregation?
John Doree and Ann Chovie (John Dory and Anchovy).

When was B the first letter of the alphabet?
In the days of Noah (No A).

Why are doctors' prescriptions good things to feed pigs on?
Because there are grains in them.

No rose can boast a livelier hue
Than I can when my birth is new.
Of shorter life than that sweet flower,
I bloom and fade within the hour,
Like Marplot, eager to reveal
The secret I would fain conceal.

A blush.

Why is a flea like a railway-engine?
Because it moves over sleepers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE GREAT EXPEDITION.

AT the hour we go to press we are still without news direct from the Great Expedition, though driblets continue to reach us through indirect channels—enough to indicate the success of the enterprise. Intelligence has been received by way of Hatteras Inlet, brought to Fortress Monroe by the steamer *Spaulding*, and by way of Cairo, through Memphis papers received there.

A person has arrived at the Inlet from the main land in a small boat, and communicated the information that two forts at Port Royal entrance had been captured; that a large National force had been landed; that Beaufort had been occupied after a portion of the town had been burned, and that our troops had advanced and taken possession of the railroad connecting Charleston and Savannah—probably at Coosahatchie—capturing a large quantity of stores. No dates are given, and nothing whatever is said of the character of the fighting which must have taken place before so much could be accomplished.

Deserters from the rebels, who have reached Newport News from up the James River, state that the utmost consternation exists in the rebel army, and that a number of regiments have been sent South to meet this new danger to the bogus Confederacy. The Memphis papers received at Cairo contain dispatches from Savannah fully confirming the landing of our forces and the capture of *three* forts—this is the number known to have been erected by the rebels—at Port Royal, Hilton Head, and Bay Point. The statement that the National forces had possession of the town of Beaufort is also confirmed, and the losses of the rebels are admitted to be heavy.

WRECKS OF OUR VESSELS.

The report of the wreck of the steamer *Union* is confirmed by the gun-boat *Albatross*, which has arrived at Fortress Monroe from the blockade on the North Carolina coast. She went ashore on the 6th inst., about eight miles to the eastward of Bogue Inlet. The steamer *Winfield Scott* is said to have been in company with her, and it is conjectured that she also may have been lost, but there is no certainty about it. The rumor of the loss of the steamer *Ocean Express* is not confirmed.

GREAT VICTORY IN KENTUCKY.

It appears that a body of Union troops, under General Nelson, who was formerly a lieutenant in the United States Navy, fell in with the rebels at Pikeville, Pike County, on Friday last, under the command of General Williams. While he was approaching them, Colonel Luke Moore, with 3800 men, attacked them in the rear, and Colonel Harris, with 600 men of the Second Ohio Regiment, met them in front, and by a fine piece of strategy got them directly in the midst of Nelson's brigade: then pressing in on all sides, the Union troops had the enemy at their mercy. The fight is said to have lasted two days, and resulted in the total demolition of the rebels. Four hundred of them were killed and two thousand taken prisoners. Among the latter were the two rebel generals Williams and Hawes, both of them formerly United States officers.

UNION MOVEMENT IN TENNESSEE.

The Union men of East Tennessee are giving vigorous evidence of their loyalty. By a dispatch from Fortress Monroe we learn that they have burned and destroyed several railroad bridges and telegraph lines on the East Tennessee Railroad, to prevent the transportation of rebel troops. Four bridges on the line north of Knoxville have been demolished, and another at Charleston, Tennessee.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF THE "SUMTER."

It is reported by a letter received on 12th, in Washington, and dated on board the frigate *Santee*, off Galveston, the 25th ultimo, that the privateer *Sumter* had been captured by a gun-boat which she mistook for a merchant vessel, and had approached too close when she discovered her error. The gun-boat, however, turned upon the privateer, ran her ashore, and took her officers and crew prisoners. They were subsequently transferred to the frigate *Niagara.*

FIGHT AT GUYANDOTTE.

On Sunday night, Guyandotte, in Western Virginia, situated on the Ohio River, was attacked by six hundred rebels, and out of one hundred and fifty National troops stationed there, all but fifty were killed or taken prisoners. The rebel force afterward beat a hasty retreat, and nothing has since been heard of them, though a body of National troops has been sent in pursuit. Our troops afterward fired the town of Guyandotte, and it was entirely destroyed.

AFFAIRS ON THE POTOMAC.

A reconnoissance was, on Sunday, made to Peacock's Hill, five miles beyond Lewinsville—and though traces of the rebels were found, not one was seen. The pickets of our left wing now extend from the mouth of the Accotink up the Accotink Ridge, ten miles in front of Fort Lyon, and four in front of Mount Vernon, which estate is now within the National lines. Affairs appear to be unchanged both on the Upper and the Lower Potomac.

RECONNOISSANCE UP THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

The United States gun-boat *Rescue*, on Thursday last, left Fortress Monroe and proceeded up the Rappahannock River as far as Urbana Creek, off the mouth of which she captured a large schooner, from which all stores and movable property were removed, and the vessel then burned. The *Rescue* was fired upon by a masked battery on shore, but the battery was completely silenced, and subsequently every place along the river, which was supposed to harbor rebels, was shelled.

AFFAIRS AT NEW ORLEANS.

A letter in the New York *Times* from the United States steamer *Cuyler*, on blockade duty at the mouth of the Mississippi, furnishes interesting particulars of the condition of affairs in the City of New Orleans. The ruin of the place, in a business point of view, is represented to be almost complete. The levee, formerly so busy with the traffic of the Mississippi, is now an extended scene of desolation. Many of the stores have been closed, and there is an utter prostration of every branch of trade. Texas beef is the only meat for sale, and that is scarce, poor, and dear; butter is sold at from eighty to eighty-five cents per pound, white potatoes fourteen dollars per barrel, and sweet potatoes about the same. A free market for the poor was established some time ago, the supplies being furnished by voluntary contributions from the farmers; but there was a prospect that it would soon be closed for want of means. There is undoubtedly a strong Union element in the population, which only awaits a property opportunity to exhibit itself.

THE REMOVAL OF FREMONT.

On 3d November General Frémont received an unconditional order from Washington, relieving him at once from his command. The intelligence spread like wild-fire through the camps, and created indescribable excitement. General Frémont spent much of the time expostulating with the officers and men, urging them by their patriotism and their personal regard for him not to abandon their posts. He also issued the following farewell order to the troops:

HEAD-QUARTERS, WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
SPRINGFIELD, MO., *Nov.* 2, 1861.

SOLDIERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI ARMY!—Agreeably to orders received this day I take leave of you. Although our army has been of sudden growth, we have grown up together, and I have become familiar with the brave and generous spirits which you bring to the defense of your country, and which makes me anticipate for you a brilliant career. Continue as you have begun, and give to my successor the same cordial and enthusiastic support with which you have encouraged me. Emulate the splendid example which you have already before you, and let me remain, as I am, proud of the noble army which I have thus far labored to bring together.

Soldiers! I regret to leave you. Most sincerely I thank you for the regard and confidence you have invariably shown me. I deeply regret that I shall not have the honor to lead you to the victory which you are just about to win; but I shall claim the right to share with you in the joy of every triumph, and trust always to be personally remembered by my companions in arms.

JOHN C. FREMONT, Major-General.

On 5th General Hunter issued his first order from head-quarters at Springfield, announcing his assumption of the command of the army, and desiring the commanders of divisions and brigades to report to him at once.

General Frémont left the day before for St. Louis with his body-guard.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

There was a battle at Belmont, Missouri, opposite Columbus, on 7th. An expedition numbering about 3500 men, and including the Twenty-second, Twenty-seventh, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first Illinois Regiments, the Seventh Iowa Regiment, Taylor's Chicago Artillery, and Dollen's and Delano's Cavalry, proceeded down the river on steamboats, accompanied by the gun-boats *Lexington* and *Tyler*, landed on Thursday morning, and made the attack on the rebels, seven thousand strong, about 11 o'clock. The enemy were strongly intrenched, and being so much superior in numbers, made a strong resistance. They were, however, driven out of their camp, which was destroyed, and their battery, consisting of twelve pieces, was captured—two of the guns being brought away. Their camp and baggage were destroyed, their horses and mules were captured, and a large number of them were taken prisoners. The object of the expedition having been accomplished, the National forces were retiring, when they were attacked by a heavy rebel reinforcement from Columbus, on the opposite side of the river, and another desperate engagement took place, which continued until our forces were all withdrawn. The losses in killed and wounded were heavy on both sides. How much the rebels suffered in this respect is not known with certainty, but the casualties of the National forces, in killed, wounded, and missing, are estimated at three to five hundred—probably at least ten per cent. The expedition was commanded by Generals Grant and M'Clernand.

STATE ELECTIONS.

The New York State Election took place on 5th, and resulted in the success of the People's Union ticket. The election in this city passed off very quietly, and the vote is probably about one-half what it was last year.

The Massachusetts State Election, which also took place on 5th, resulted in the re-election of Governor Andrew, and a strong Republican Legislature. The vote throughout the State was remarkably small—probably not more than one-half what it was last year.

The Maryland State Election took place on 6th, and resulted in the overwhelming victory of the Union party.

THE NEW STATE OF KANAWHA.

The ordnance for dividing the old Commonwealth of Virginia, and erecting a new State of the counties west of the Alleghany mountains, has been adopted by the voters by a majority of nearly, if not quite, one hundred to one, and a new Convention, the members of which have just been chosen, will assemble at Wheeling on the 26th inst. to ratify the action of the people. The new State will be called Kanawha, and will contain a population of two hundred and eighty-two thousand, including about eight thousand slaves.

THE STORM AT HATTERAS.

The storm of 1st November at Hatteras Inlet was very severe, and the recent high tides have completely overflowed the space outside the fort; and, as a new channel is forming between the forts, it is apprehended that they may become untenable. About a quarter of the clothing for the Twentieth Indiana regiment had been landed from the *S. R. Spaulding* on Friday night, when the gale came on with tremendous severity, and it was washed away, together with some other stores.

Colonel Hawkins, who commands at Hatteras, arrived in Washington on 4th, and represented the necessity of either protecting their position from such heavy gales as that of Friday and Saturday, or removing the troops to Fortress Monroe. It appears that, in addition to the destruction of Government stores above-mentioned, four sentries of the Twentieth Indiana regiment were drowned in the breakers during the gale.

It is decided to strengthen the garrison at Hatteras.

PERSONAL.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* states that Mr. Breckinridge has received the reward for his services in the shape of a commission of Brigadier-General, and that he is now in the rebel army at Bowling Green.

Mr. Edwin J. James, the ex-Queen's counsel and ex-member of Parliament, of England, has been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of this State.

Colonel Mulligan, who was captured by the rebels at Lexington, Missouri, was in St. Louis on the 5th inst.

Major Doubleday, of Fort Sumter fame, is now an assistant of Brigadier-General Barry, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, and is in charge of the artillery (heavy) of the fortifications on the Virginia side of the Potomac.

The foundation for the rumor that Beauregard had resigned his command in the rebel army may perhaps be found in the fact that he has been transferred to Charleston, in view of the possibility of an attempt to capture that place by the national forces.

General Tom Thumb, who is at present making the tour of the Canadas, had a narrow escape from serious injury at St. Catherines on the 4th inst. The carriage in which he was going from his hotel to the railroad was overturned in consequence of the axle breaking, and the General was thrown out. Several of his suite were severely injured, but he received only slight bruises.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE BLOCKADE NOT TO BE INTERFERED WITH.

A CORRESPONDENCE has taken place between the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs and a Mr. Hayman, a prominent merchant of Liverpool, on the subject of the blockade. The mercantile interlocutor represents himself as one of a number who are anxious to fit out vessels to the Southern ports; and desires to know what protection they are to receive from their Government in running a blockade they regard as illegal. Earl Russell assures him they will receive no protection whatever; that they will be violating obvious principles of international law, and that Her Majesty's Government will certainly leave them to suffer all the penalties of their offense.

FRANCE.

PRINCE NAPOLEON FOR THE UNION.

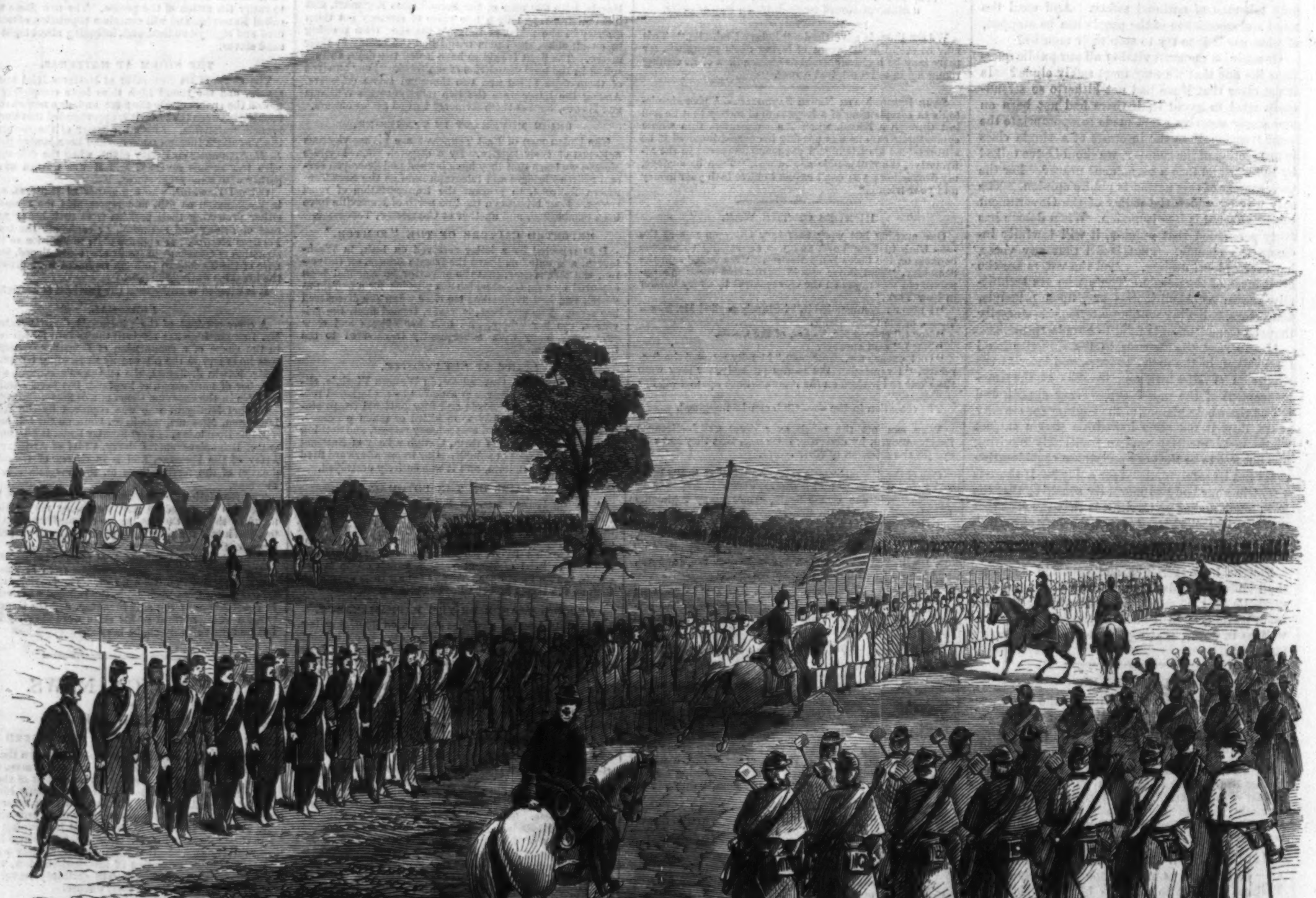
Unofficial communications from loyal citizens of the United States, residing in Paris and London, say that in France Prince Napoleon has cast off all reserve, and declared that the insurrection can not prevail, and other letters say that secession is out of fashion, if not unpopular in France.

CAPTURE OF A REBEL PICKET NEAR SHREVE'S FARM, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 747.]

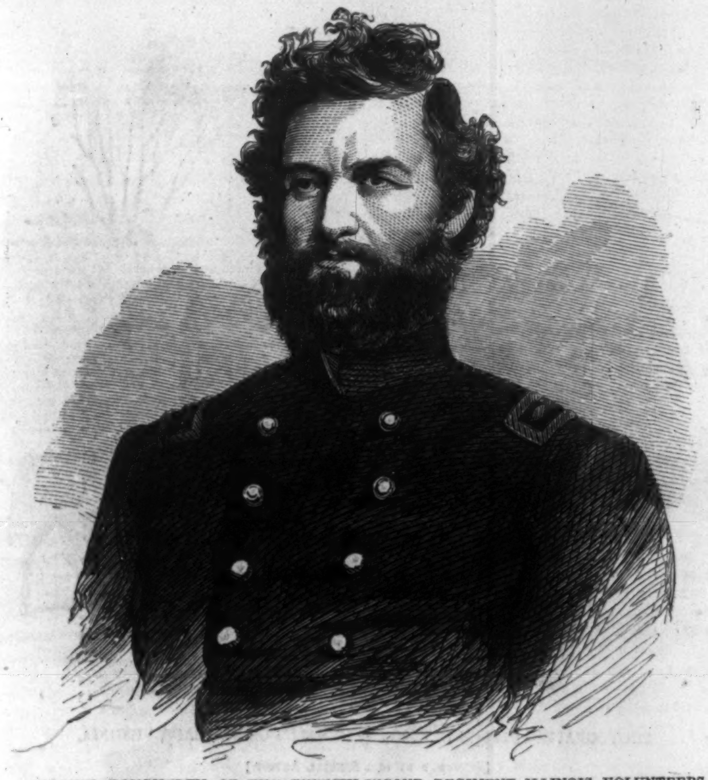
DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FOR PORT TOBACCO.

Our special artist with the army of the Potomac happened the other day to be present at one of the mysterious movements which are taking place daily in General M'Clellan's army; viz., the departure of reinforcements for General Sickles's Brigade at Port Tobacco on Sunday morning, November 3. He sketched the scene, and we reproduce it on this page. The troops represented are the New Hampshire Fifth, the Rhode Island Fourth, and the Pennsylvania Forty-fifth. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladensburg. They are a fine body of men, and will doubtless do good service on the Lower Potomac when the right time comes.

We are assuming the offensive on the Lower Potomac, and have heavy batteries erected in positions which command the rebel batteries. These troops are sent down to support the gunners, and perhaps when the right time comes they may pay Aquia Creek a visit one of these days. The river is now thoroughly commanded by our batteries.



DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FROM CAMP UNION, AT BLADENSBURG, MARYLAND, TO JOIN SICKLES'S BRIGADE AT PORT TOBACCO, NOV. 3.—[Sketched by our Special Artist.]



COLONEL DOUGHERTY, OF THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

From a Sketch by Mr. Bill Travis.—[See Page 751.]

GENERAL HUNTER, COMMANDING OUR ARMY IN MISSOURI.

Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 738.]

MAP OF SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE PROPORTION OF SLAVES IN EACH COUNTY.

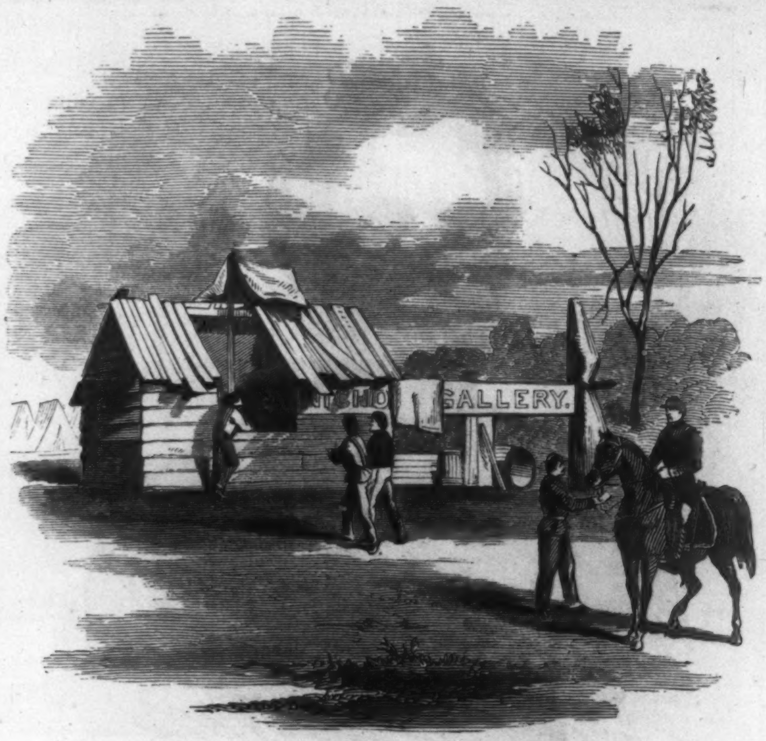
OUR MAP OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

We publish herewith a Chart Map of South Carolina, which will be interesting at the present time. The tint, by its depth of shade, represents the comparative percentage of colored people—free and slave—to the aggregate population. The figures placed in the middle of each district show the relative number of colored population to the 100 of the whole inhabitants. Thus in Barnwell District will be found 53, which signifies that in every 100 inhabitants in that district 53 are colored people, nearly all of whom are slaves.

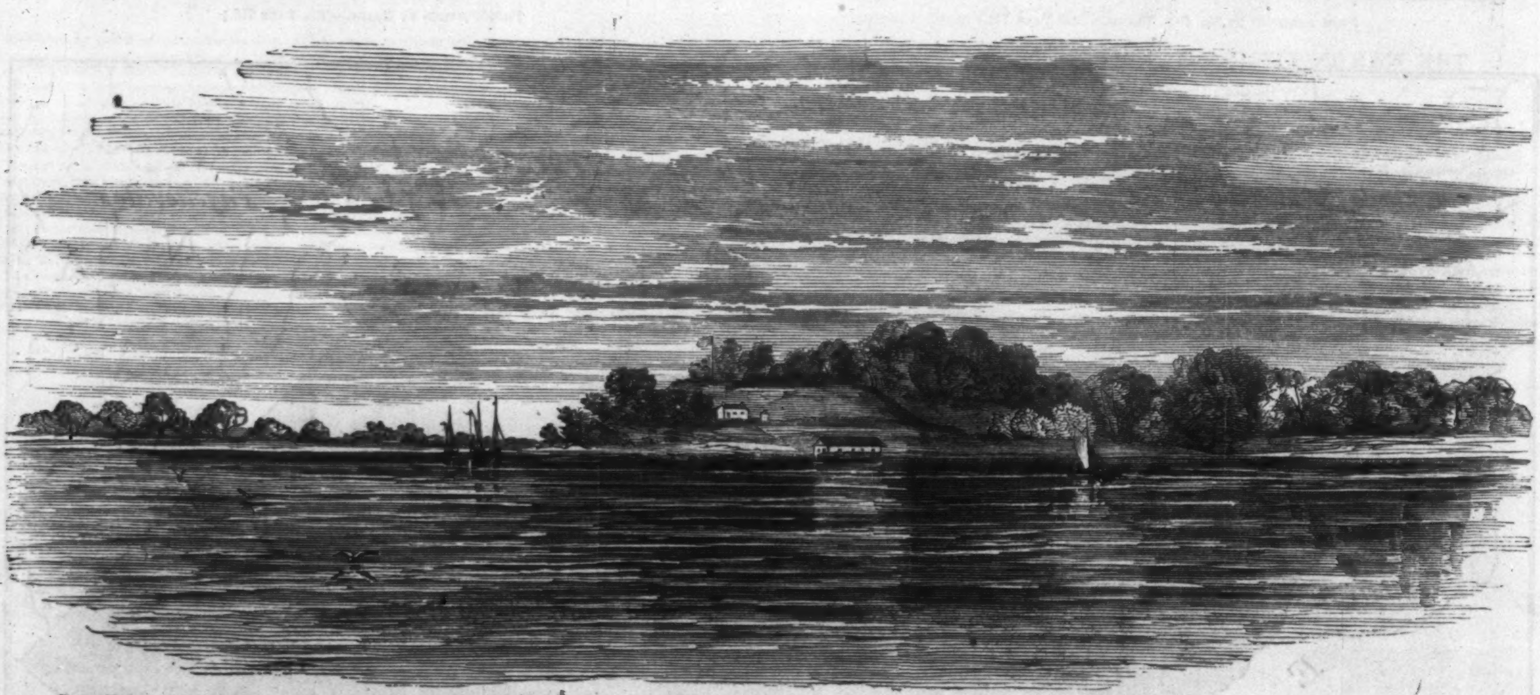
In Georgetown, Charleston, Colleton, and Beaufort Districts are several parishes, in which more than 90 per cent. of the inhabitants are slaves. In Lower All-Saints parish, Georgetown District, the population is reported to be 222 whites, no free negroes, and 6468 slaves. In the parish of St. Luke, lying west of Broad River, in Beaufort District, the population is 88 slaves to 12 whites. In the city of Charleston the colored population was 53 per cent., six-sevenths of which were free colored people. Only 53 per cent. in the city reduces the percentage of the whole District to 65 per cent., although in the parishes of St. James, Santee, St. Thomas, St. Andrews, and St. Johns, which lie toward the coast, more than 90 per cent. of the inhabitants are slaves.

The white-dotted lines are railroads in South Carolina. The white round dots represent the location of the Court-houses, which in general are named the same as the District. The Districts of South Carolina are similar to the Counties in other States.

MUNSON'S HILL AS IT NOW APPEARS WITH THE FORT ERECTED BY THE GARIBALDI REGIMENT.
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



PHOTOGRAPHIC SALOON IN CAMP, NEAR BALL'S CROSS ROADS, VIRGINIA.
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



THE BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC—BUDD'S FERRY.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER IN THE POTOMAC FLOTILLA.—[SEE PAGE 751.]

THE BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC—EVANSPORT.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER IN THE FLOTILLA.—[SEE PAGE 751.]

HEAD-QUARTERS AT CAMP DICK ROBINSON, NEAR BRYANTSVILLE, KENTUCKY.
[Sketched by Mr. Alfred E. Matthews.]

BURNING OF THE GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL IN E STREET, WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 4—RESCUE OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED.—[Sketched by our Special Correspondent.]

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

We publish on this page two illustrations of the War in Kentucky, from sketches sent us by Mr. Alfred E. Matthews. He writes as follows:

Camp Dick Robinson, Kentucky, *Nov.* 1, 1861.

Herewith I send you two sketches of the campaign in Kentucky. One represents the Ohio Thirty-first Regiment crossing the Kentucky River at Boone's Knob. Additional interest is given to this locality from the fact that it is a prominent place in the life of Daniel Boone. It was here he escaped from the Indians, who were pursuing him down the river in canoes, by paddling up a small creek near the knob on the left. He secreted himself in this knob five days. From this circumstance it is called "Boone's Knob." It stands isolated from the other bluffs, and at that time, the river being very high, was entirely surrounded by water, so that he paddled round it in his canoe. The other sketch is Dick Robinson's House, which is head-quarters at Camp Dick Robinson.

BURNING OF A MILITARY HOSPITAL.

On this page we illustrate the Destruction by Fire of the Military Hospital in E Street, Washington, which took place on 4th inst. The sketch was taken by our special artist correspondent, who happened to be there at the time. The Washington *Star* thus relates the affair:

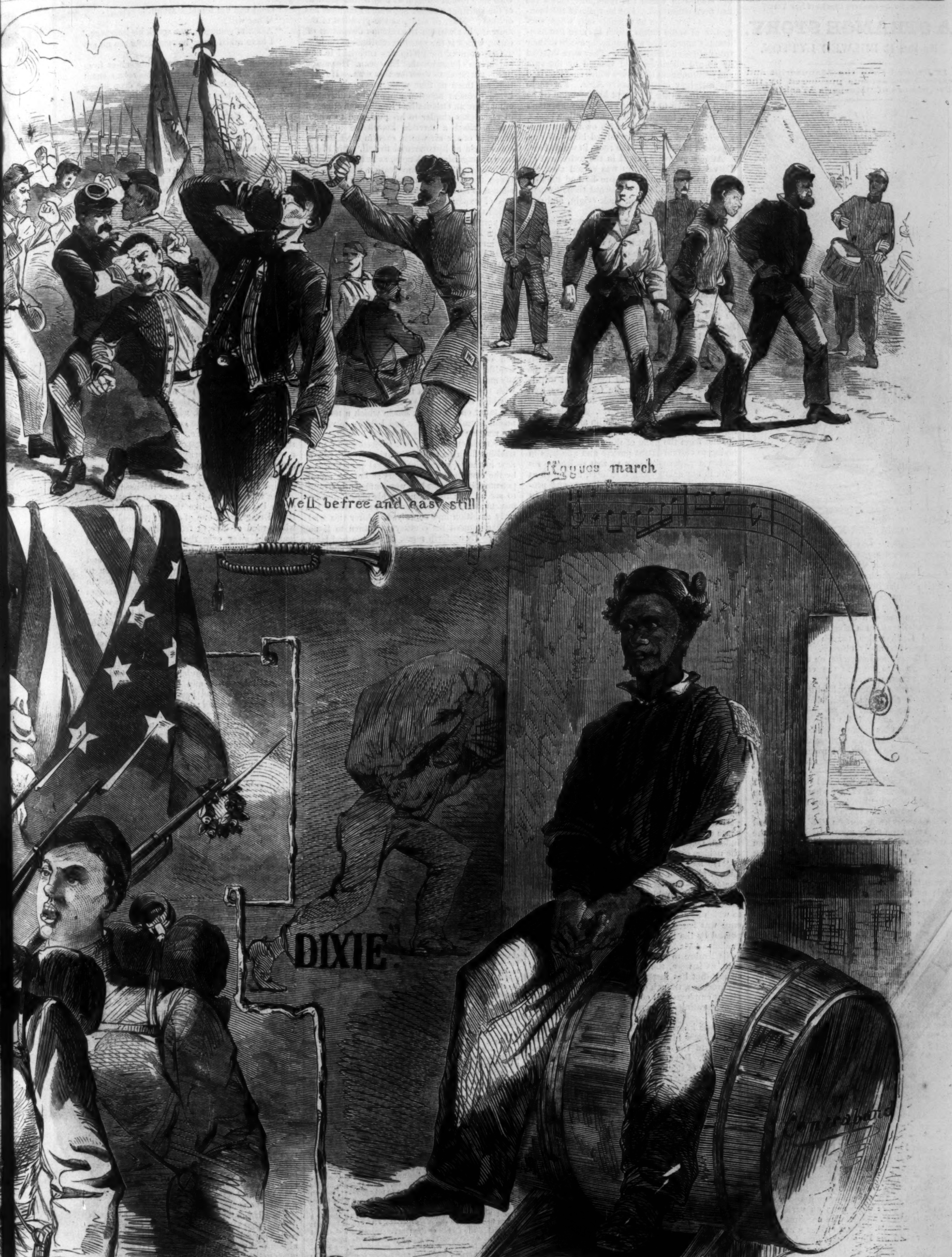
This morning, at a very early hour, the E Street Hospital, better known as the Washington Infirmary, was discovered to be on fire. It contained at the time from ninety to one hundred sick and wounded soldiers, and a considerable number of other Government patients. The fire is believed to have originated in a defective flue from the furnace, which was located in the cellar under the addition which projected from the centre of the main building in the rear. The rooms of the Sisters of Charity were in this addition—over the furnace—and the three medical cadets had a room on the floor above. The rooms of the Sisters were filled with smoke about half an hour after midnight, and the Sister Superior first gave the alarm. They had barely time to hurry on their clothing and escape, leaving every thing but the clothing they had on in the burning building. Their cries brought in the guard, and soon the alarm became general. Doctors Rodman, Hutchins, and Allen, the cadets above alluded to, lost all their personal effects, with the exception of the clothing which they hurriedly put on to leave the burning building. The Metropolitan police were soon upon the ground, and ran through the house arousing all the inmates; and about this time the scene was awful in the extreme.

All of the sick and wounded able to rise wrapped the bed-clothing around them and escaped from the building, and the shrieks of those unable to do so were terribly piercing, and thrilled the hearts of all who heard them. The citizens present, the officers of the institution, and the Metropolitan police were all active in rescuing the weaker patients, who had to be taken up bodily and brought through the smoke and flames to a place of safety. Some were carried to the City Hall, some to the school-house on Judiciary Square (a hospital for some time past), some to the former quarters of Griffin's battery, some to Old Trinity Church on Fifth Street, and many to private residences in the neighborhood. It is believed by the officers of the institution that all the patients were rescued. An aged woman, named Mrs. Hussey, who was sent to the infirmary some time since by the Commissioner of Public Buildings, has been missing, but has since been found.

THE THIRTY-FIRST REGIMENT OHIO VOLUNTEERS (COLONEL WALKER) CROSSING THE KENTUCKY RIVER AT BOONE'S KNOB, OCTOBER 2, 1861.
[Sketched by Mr. Alfred E. Matthews.]

The bold soldier boy
Hail to the Chief
THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND
GLORY HALLELUJAH

THE SONGS O



THE WAR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE manuscript was written in a small and peculiar handwriting, which, though evidently by the same person whose letter to Strahan I had read, was, whether from haste or some imperfection in the ink, much more hard to decipher. Those parts of the memoir which related to experiments, or alleged secrets in nature, that the writer intimated a desire to submit exclusively to scholars or men of science, were in Latin—and Latin which, though grammatically correct, was frequently obscure. But all that detained the eye and attention on the page necessarily served to impress the contents more deeply on remembrance.

The narrative commenced with the writer's sketch of his childhood. Both his parents had died before he attained his seventh year. The orphan had been sent by his guardians to a private school, and his holidays had been passed at Derval Court. Here his earliest reminiscences were those of the quaint old room in which I now sat, and of his childish wonder at the inscription on the chimney-piece—who and what was the Simon Forman who had there found a refuge from persecution? Of what nature were the studies he had cultivated, and the discoveries he boasted to have made?

When he was about sixteen Philip Derval had begun to read the many mystic books which the library contained, but without other result on his mind than the sentiment of disappointment and disgust. The impressions produced on the credulous imagination of childhood vanished. He went to the University—was sent abroad to travel; and on his return took that place in the circles of London which is so readily conceded to a young idler of birth and fortune. He passed quickly over that period of his life as one of extravagance and dissipation, from which he was first drawn by the attachment for his cousin to which his letter to Strahan referred. Disappointed in the hopes which that affection had conceived, and his fortune impaired, partly by some years of reckless profusion, and partly by the pecuniary sacrifices at which he had effected his cousin's marriage with another, he retired to Derval Court, to live there in solitude and seclusion. On searching for some old title-deeds required for a mortgage, he chanced upon a collection of manuscripts much discolored, and in part eaten away by moth or damp. These, on examination, proved to be the writings of Forman. Some of them were astrological observations and predictions; some were upon the nature of the Cabala; some upon the invocation of spirits and the magic of the Dark Ages. All had a certain interest, for they were interspersed with personal remarks, anecdotes of eminent actors in a very stirring time, and were composed as Colloquies, in imitation of Erasmus; the second person in the dialogue being Sir Miles Derval, the patron and pupil; the first person being Forman, the philosopher and expounder.

But along with these shadowy lucubrations were treatises of a more uncommon and a more startling character; discussions on various occult laws of nature, and detailed accounts of analytical experiments. These opened a new, and what seemed to Sir Philip a practical field of inquiry—a true border land between natural science and imaginative speculation. Sir Philip had cultivated philosophical science at the University; he resumed the study, and tested himself the truth of various experiments suggested by Forman. Some, to his surprise, proved successful—some wholly failed. These lucubrations first tempted the writer of the memoir toward the studies in which the remainder of his life had been consumed. But he spoke of the lucubrations themselves as valuable only where suggestive of some truths which Forman had accidentally approached without being aware of their true nature and importance. They were debased by absurd puerilities, and vitiated by the vain and presumptuous ignorance which characterized the astrology of the Middle Ages. For these reasons the writer intimated his intention (if he lived to return to England) to destroy Forman's manuscripts, together with sundry other books, and a few commentaries of his own upon studies which had for a while misled him—all now deposited in the safes of the room in which I sat.

After some years passed in the retirement of Derval Court, Sir Philip was seized with the desire to travel, and the taste he had imbibed for occult studies led him toward those Eastern lands in which they took their origin, and still retain their professors.

Several pages of the manuscript were now occupied with minute statements of the writer's earlier disappointment in the objects of his singular research. The so-called magicians, accessible to the curiosity of European travelers, were either but ingenious jugglers, or produced effects that perplexed him by practices they had mechanically learned, but of the rationale of which they were as ignorant as himself. It was not till he had resided some considerable time in the East, and acquired a familiar knowledge of its current languages and the social habits of its various populations, that he became acquainted with men in whom he recognized earnest cultivators of the lore which tradition ascribes to the colleges and priesthoods of the ancient world; men generally living remote from others, and seldom to be bribed by money to exhibit their marvels or divulge their secrets. In his intercourse with these sages Sir Philip arrived at the conviction that there does exist an art of magic, distinct from the guile of the conjuror, and applying to certain latent powers and affinities in nature a philosophy akin to that which we receive in our acknowledged schools, inasmuch as it is equally based upon experiment, and produces from definite causes definite results. In support of this startling proposition, Sir Philip now devoted more than half his volume to the detail of various experiments, to the process and result of which he pledged his guarantee as the actual operator. As most of these alleged experiments appeared to me wholly incredible, and as all of them were unfamiliar to my practical experience, and could only be verified or falsified by tests that would require no inconsiderable amount of time and care, I passed, with little heed, the pages in which they were set forth. I was impatient to arrive at that part of the manuscript which might throw light on the mystery in which my interest was the keenest. What were the links which connected the existence of Margrave with the history of Sir Philip Derval? Thus hurrying on, page after page, I suddenly, toward the end of the volume, came upon a name that arrested all my attention—Haroun of Aleppo. He who has read the words addressed to me in my trance may well conceive the thrill that shot through my heart when I came upon that name, and will readily understand how much more vividly my memory retains that part of the manuscript to which I now proceed than all which had gone before.

"It was," wrote Sir Philip, "in an obscure suburb of Aleppo that I at length met with the wonderful man from whom I have acquired a knowledge immeasurably more profound and occult than that which may be tested in the experiments to which I have devoted so large a share of this memoir. Haroun of Aleppo had, indeed, mastered every secret in nature which the nobler, or theurgic, magic seeks to fathom.

"He had discovered the great Principle of Life, which had hitherto baffled the subtlest anatomist:—provided only that the great organs were not irreparably destroyed, there was no disease that he could not cure; no decrepitude to which he could not restore vigor; yet his science was based on the same theory as that espoused by the best professional practitioners of medicine—viz., that the true art of healing is to assist Nature to throw off the disease—to summon, as it were, the whole system to eject the enemy that has fastened on a part. And thus his processes, though occasionally varying in the means employed, all combined in this—viz., the reinvigorating and recruiting of the principle of life."

No one knew the birth or origin of Haroun; no one knew his age. In outward appearance he was in the strength and prime of mature manhood. But according to testimonies in which the writer of the memoir expressed a belief that, I need scarcely say, appeared to me egregiously credulous, Haroun's existence under the same name, and known by the same repute, could be traced back to more than a hundred years. He told Sir Philip that he had thrice renewed his own life, and had resolved to do so no more—he had grown weary of living on. With all his gifts, Haroun owned himself to be consumed by a profound melancholy. He complained that there was nothing new to him under the sun; he said that, while he had at his command unlimited wealth, wealth had ceased to bestow enjoyment; and he preferred living as simply as a peasant: he had tired out all the affections and all the passions of the human heart; he was in the universe as in a solitude. In a word, Haroun would often repeat, with mournful solemnity, "The soul is not meant to inhabit this earth, and in fleshly tabernacle, for more than the period usually assigned to mortals; and when by art in repairing the walls of the body we so retain it, the soul repines, becomes inert or dejected. He only," said Haroun, "would feel continued joy in continued existence who could preserve in perfection the sensual part of man, with such mind or reason as may be independent of the spiritual essence, but whom soul itself has quitted! Man, in short, as the grandest of the animals, but without the sublime discontent of earth, which is the peculiar attribute of soul."

One evening Sir Philip was surprised to find at Haroun's house another European. He paused in his narrative to describe this man. He said that for three or four years previously he had heard frequent mention among the cultivators of magic of an Orientalized Englishman engaged in researches similar to his own, and to whom was ascribed a terrible knowledge in those branches of the art which, even in the East, are condemned as instrumental to evil. Sir Philip here distinguished at length, as he had so briefly distinguished in his conversation with me, between the two kinds of magic—that which he alleged to be as pure from sin as any other species of experimental knowledge, and that by which the agencies of witchcraft are invoked for the purposes of guilt.

The Englishman, to whom the culture of this latter and darker kind of magic was ascribed, Sir Philip Derval had never hitherto come across. He now met him at the house of Haroun; decrepit, emaciated, bowed down with infirmities, and racked with pain. Though little more than sixty, his aspect was that of extreme old age, but still on his face there were seen the ruins of a once singular beauty, and still in his mind there was a force that contrasted the decay of the body. Sir Philip had never met with an intellect more powerful and more corrupt. The son of a notorious usurer, heir to immense wealth, and endowed with the talents which justify ambition, he had entered upon life burdened with the odium of his father's name. A duel, to which he had been provoked by an ungenerous taunt on his origin, but in which a temperament fiercely vindictive had led him to violate the usages prescribed by the social laws that regulate such encounters, had subjected him to a trial in which he escaped conviction either by a flaw in the technicalities of legal procedure or by the compassion of the jury;* but the moral presumptions against him were sufficiently strong to set an indelible brand on his honor, and an insurmountable barrier to the hopes which his early ambition had conceived. After this trial he had quitted his country to return to it no more. Thenceforth much of his life had been passed out of sight or conjecture of civilized men, in remote regions and among barbarous tribes. At intervals, however, he had reappeared in European capitals, shunned by and shunning his equals, surrounded by parasites, among whom were always to be found men of considerable learning, whom avarice or poverty subjected to the influences of his wealth. For the last nine or ten years he had settled in Persia, purchased extensive lands, maintained the retinue, and exercised more than the power of an Oriental prince. Such was the man who, prematurely worn out, and assured by physicians that he had not six weeks of life, had come to Aleppo with the gaudy escort of an Eastern satrap, had caused himself to be borne in his litter to the mud-hut of Haroun the Sage, and now called on the magician, in whose art was his last hope, to reprieve him from the—grave.

He turned round to Sir Philip when the latter entered the room, and exclaimed in English, "I am here because you are. Your intimacy with this man was known to me. I took your character as the guarantee of his own. Tell me that I am no credulous dupe. Tell him that I, Louis Grayle, am no needy petitioner. Tell me of his wisdom; assure him of my wealth."

Sir Philip looked inquiringly at Haroun, who remained seated on his carpet in profound silence.

"What is it you ask of Haroun?"

"To live on—to live on. For every year of life he can give me I will load these floors with gold."

"Gold will not tempt Haroun."

"What will?"

"Ask him yourself; you speak his language."

"I have asked him; he vouchsafes me no answer."

Haroun here suddenly roused himself as from a reverie. He drew from under his robe a small vial, from which he let fall a single drop into a cup of water, and said, "Drink this. Send to me to-morrow for such medicaments as I may prescribe. Return hither yourself in three days; not before!"

When Grayle was gone, Sir Philip, moved to pity, asked Haroun if indeed it were within the compass of his art to preserve life in a frame that appeared so thoroughly exhausted. Haroun answered, "A fever may so waste the lamp of life that one ruder gust of air could extinguish the flame, yet the sick man recovers. This sick man's existence has been one long fever; this sick man can recover."

"You will aid him to do so?"

"Three days hence I will tell you."

On the third day Grayle revisited Haroun, and, at Haroun's request, Sir Philip came also. Grayle declared that he had already derived unspeakable relief from the remedies administered; he was lavish in expressions of gratitude; pressed large gifts on Haroun, and seemed pained when they were refused. This time Haroun conversed freely, drawing forth Grayle's own irregular, perverted, stormy, but powerful intellect.

I can best convey the general nature of Grayle's share in the dialogue between himself, Haroun, and Derval—recorded in the narrative in words which I can not trust my memory to repeat in detail—by stating the effect it produced on my own mind. It seemed, while I read, as if there passed before me some convulsion of Nature—a storm, an earthquake. Outcries of rage, of scorn, of despair; a despot's vehemence of will; a rebel's scoff at authority. Yet, ever and anon, some swell of lofty thought, some burst of passionate genius—abrupt variations from the vaunt of superb defiance to the wail of intense remorse.

The whole had in it, I know not what, of uncouth but colossal—like the chant, in the old lyrical tragedy, of one of these mythical giants, who, proud of descent from Night and Chaos, had held sway over the elements, while still crude and conflicting, to be crushed under the rocks, upheaved in their struggle, as Order and Harmony subjected a brightening Creation to the milder Influences personified and throned in Olympus. But it was not till the later passages of the dialogue in which my interest was now absorbed that the language ascribed to this sinister personage lost a gloomy pathos, not the less impressive for the awe with which it was mingled. For till then it seemed to me as if in that tempestuous nature there were still broken glimpses of starry light; that a character originally lofty, if irregular and fierce, had been imbittered by early and continuous war with the social world, and had in that war become maimed and distorted; that, under happier circumstances, its fiery strength might have been disciplined to good; that even now, where remorse was so evidently poignant, evil could not be irredeemably confirmed.

At length all the dreary compassion previously inspired vanished in one unqualified abhorrence.

The subjects discussed changed from those which, relating to the common world of men, were within the scope of my reason. Haroun led his wild guest to boast of his own proficiency in magic, and, despite my incredulity, I could not overcome the shudder with which fictions, however extravagant, that deal with that dark Unknown abandoned to the chimeras of poets, will, at night and in solitude, send through the veins of men the least accessible to imaginary terrors.

Grayle spoke of the power he had exercised through the agency of evil spirits—a power to fascinate and to destroy. He spoke of the aid revealed to him, now too late, which such direful allies could afford, not only to a private revenge, but to a kingly ambition. Had he acquired the knowledge he declared himself to possess before the feebleness of the decaying body made it valueless, how he could have triumphed over that world which had expelled his youth from its pale! He spoke of means by which his influence could work undetected on the minds of others, control agencies that could never betray, defy laws that could never discover. He spoke vaguely of a power by which a spectral reflection of the material body could be cast, like a shadow, to a distance; glide through the walls of a prison, elude the sentinels of a camp—a power that he asserted to be—when enforced by concentred will, and acting on the mind, where, in each individual, temptation found mind the weakest—almost infallible in its effect to seduce or to appall. And he closed these and similar boasts of demoniacal arts, which I remember too obscurely to repeat, with a tumultuous imprecation on their nothingness to avail against the gripe of death. All this lore he would communicate to Haroun in return for what? A boon shared by the meanest peasant—life, common life; to breathe yet a while the air, feel yet a while the sun.

Then Haroun replied. He said, with a quiet disdain, that the dark art to which Grayle made such boastful pretense was the meanest of all abuses of knowledge, rightly abandoned, in all ages, to the vilest natures. And then, suddenly changing his tone, he spoke, so far as I can remember the words assigned to him in the manuscript, to this effect:

"Fallen and unhappy wretch, and you ask me for prolonged life!—a prolonged curse to the world and to yourself. Shall I employ spells to

* The reader will here observe a discrepancy between Mrs. Poyntz's account and Sir Philip Derval's narrative. According to the former, Louis Grayle was tried in his absence from England, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment, which his flight enabled him to evade. According to the latter, Louis Grayle stood his trial, and obtained an acquittal. Sir Philip's account must, at least, be nearer the truth than the lady's, because Louis Grayle could not, according to English law, have been tried on a capital charge without being present in court. Mrs. Poyntz tells her story as a woman generally does tell a story—sure to make a mistake where she touches on a question of law; and—unconsciously perhaps to herself—the Woman of the World warps the facts in her narrative so as to save the personal dignity of the hero, who has captivated her interest, not from the moral odium of a great crime, but the debasing position of a prisoner at the bar. Allen Fenwick, no doubt, purposely omits to notice the discrepancy between these two statements, or to animadvert on the mistake which, in the eyes of a lawyer, would discredit Mrs. Poyntz's. It is consistent with some of the objects for which Allen Fenwick makes public his Strange Story, to invite the reader to draw his own inferences from the contradictions by which, even in the most commonplace matters (and how much more in any tale of wonder?), a fact stated by one person is made to differ from the same fact stated by another. The rapidity with which a truth becomes transformed into fable, when it is once sent on its travels from lip to lip, is illustrated by an amusement at this moment in fashion. The amusement is this: In a party of eight or ten persons, let one whisper to another an account of some supposed transaction, or a piece of invented gossip relating to absent persons, dead or alive; let the person who thus first hears the story proceed to whisper it, as exactly as he can remember what he has just heard, to the next; the next does the same to his neighbor, and so on, till the tale has run the round of the party. Each narrator, as soon as he has whispered his version of the tale, writes down what he has whispered. And though, in this game, no one has had any interest to misrepresent, but, on the contrary, each, for his own credit's sake, strives to repeat what he has heard as faithfully as he can, it will be almost invariably found that the story told by the first person has received the most material alterations before it has reached the eighth or the tenth. Sometimes the most important feature of the whole narrative is altogether omitted; sometimes, a feature altogether new, and preposterously absurd, has been added. At the close of the experiment one is tempted to exclaim, "How, after this, can any of those portions of history which the chronicler took from hearsay, be believed?" But, above all, does not every anecdote of scandal which has passed, not through ten lips, but perhaps through ten thousand, before it has reached us, become quite as perplexing to him who would get at the truth, as the marvels he recounts are to the bewildered reason of Fenwick the Skeptic?

lengthen the term of the Pestilence, or profane the secrets of Nature to restore vigor and youth to the failing energies of Crime?"

Grayle, as if stunned by the rebuke, fell on his knees with despairing entreaties that strangely contrasted his previous arrogance. "And it was," he said, "because his life had been evil that he dreaded death. If life could be renewed he would repent, he would change; he retracted his vaunts, he would forsake the arts he had boasted, he would re-enter the world as its benefactor."

"So ever the wicked man lies to himself when appalled by the shadow of death," answered Haroun. "But know, by the remorse which preys on thy soul, that it is not thy soul that addresses this prayer to me. Couldst thou hear, through the storms of the Mind, the Soul's melancholy whisper, it would dissuade thee from a wish to live on. While I speak I behold it, that SOUL! Sad for the stains on its essence, awed by the account it must render, but dreading, as the direst calamity, a renewal of years below—darker stains and yet heavier accounts! Whatever the sentence it may now undergo, it has a hope for mercy in the remorse which the mind vainly struggles to quell. But darker its doom if longer retained to earth, yoked to the mind that corrupts it, and enslaved to the senses which thou bidst me restore to their tyrannous forces."

And Grayle bowed his head and covered his face with his hands in silence and in trembling.

Then Sir Philip, seized with compassion, pleaded for him. "At least could not the soul have longer time on earth for repentance?" And while Sir Philip was so pleading Grayle fell prostrate in a swoon like that of death. When he recovered his head was leaning on Haroun's knee, and his opening eyes fixed on the glittering vial which Haroun held, and from which his lips had been moistened.

"Wondrous!" he murmured; "how I feel life flowing back to me. And that, then, is the elixir! it is no fable!"

His hands stretched greedily as to seize the vial, and he cried, imploringly, "More, more!" Haroun replaced the vessel in the folds of his robe, and answered:

"I will not renew thy youth, but I will release thee from bodily suffering; I will leave the mind and the soul free from the pangs of the flesh, to reconcile, if yet possible, their long war. My skill may afford thee months yet for repentance; seek in that interval to atone for the evil of sixty years; apply thy wealth where it may most compensate for injury done, most relieve the indigent, and most aid the virtuous. Listen to thy remorse. Humble thyself in prayer."

Grayle departed, sighing heavily, and muttering to himself.

The next day Haroun summoned Sir Philip Derval, and said to him:

"Depart to Damascus. In that city the Pestilence has appeared. Go thither thou, to heal and to save. In this casket are stored the surest antidotes to the poison of the plague. Of that essence, undiluted and pure, which tempts to the undue prolongation of soul in the prison of flesh, this casket contains not a drop. I curse not my friend with so mournful a boon. Thou hast learned enough of my art to know by what simples the health of the temperate is easily restored to its balance, and their path to the grave smoothed from pain. Not more should Man covet from Nature for the solace and weal of the body. Nobler gifts far than aught for the body this casket contains. Herein are the essences which quicken the life of those duplicate senses that lie dormant and coiled in their chrysalis web, awaiting the wings of a future development—the senses by which we can see, though not with the eye, and hear, but not by the ear. Herein are the links between Man's mind and Nature's; herein are secrets more precious even than these—those extracts of light which enable the Soul to distinguish itself from the Mind, and discriminate the spiritual life, not more from life carnal than life intellectual. Where thou seest some noble intellect, studious of Nature, intent upon Truth, yet ignoring the fact that all animal life has a mind, and Man alone on the earth ever asked, and has asked, from the hour his step trod the Earth and his eye sought the Heaven, 'Have I not a soul—can it perish?'—there, such aids to the soul, in the innermost vision vouchsafed to the mind, thou mayst lawfully use. But the treasures contained in this casket are like all which a mortal can win from the mines he explores—good or ill in their uses as they pass to the hands of the good or the evil. Thou wilt never confide them but to those who will not abuse; and even then, thou art an adept too versed in the mysteries of Nature not to discriminate between the powers that may serve the good to good ends, and the powers that may tempt the good—where less wise than experience has made thee and me—to the ends that are evil; and not even to thy friend, the most virtuous—if less proof against passion than thou and I have become—wilt thou confide such contents of the casket as may work on the fancy, to deafen the conscience and imperil the soul."

Sir Philip took the casket, and with it directions for use, which he did not detail. He then spoke to Haroun about Louis Grayle, who had inspired him with a mingled sentiment of admiration and abhorrence, of pity and terror. And Haroun answered. Repeating thus the words ascribed to him, so far as I can trust, in regard to them—as to all else in this marvelous narrative—to a memory habitually tenacious even in ordinary matters, and strained to the utmost extent of its power by the strangeness of the ideas presented to it, and the intensity of my personal interest in whatever admitted a ray into that cloud which, gathering fast over my reason, now threatened storm to my affections:

"When the mortal deliberately allies himself to the spirits of evil, he surrenders the citadel of his being to the guard of its enemies; and those who look from without can only dimly guess what passes within the precincts abandoned to Powers whose very nature we shrink to contemplate, lest our mere gaze should invite them. This man, whom thou pitiest, is not yet everlastingly consigned to the fiends, because his soul still struggles against them. His life has been one long war between his intellect, which is mighty, and his spirit, which is feeble. The intellect, armed and winged by the passions, has besieged and oppressed the soul; but the soul has never ceased to repine and to repent. And at moments it has gained its inherent ascendency, persuaded revenge to drop the prey it had seized, turned the mind astray from hatred and wrath into unwonted paths of charity and love. In the long desert of guilt there have been green spots and fountains of good. The fiends have occupied the intellect which invoked them, but they have never yet thoroughly mastered the soul which their presence appalls. In the struggle that now passes within that breast, amidst the flickers of waning mortality, only Allah, whose eye never slumbers, can aid."

Haroun then continued, in words yet more strange and yet more deeply graved in my memory:

"There have been men (thou mayst have known such) who, after an illness in which life itself seemed suspended, have arisen, as out of a sleep, with characters wholly changed. Before, perhaps gentle, and good, and truthful, they now become bitter, malignant, and false. To the persons and the things they had before loved they evince repugnance and loathing. Sometimes this change is so marked and irrational that their kindred ascribe it to madness. Not the madness which affects them in the ordinary business of life, but that which turns into harshness and discord the moral harmony that results from natures whole and complete. But there are dervishes who hold that in that illness, which had for its time the likeness of death, the soul itself has passed away, and an evil genius has fixed itself into the body and the brain, thus left void of their former tenant, and animates them in the unaccountable change from the past to the present existence. Such mysteries have formed no part of my study, and I tell you the conjecture received in the East without hazarding a comment whether of incredulity or belief. But if, in this war between the mind which the fiends have seized and the soul which implores refuge of Allah; if, while the mind of yon traveler now covets life lengthened on earth for the enjoyments it had perverted its faculties to seek and to find in sin, and covets so eagerly that it would shrink from no crime, and revolt from no fiend, that could promise the gift—the soul shudderingly implores to be saved from new guilt, and would rather abide by the judgment of Allah on the sins that have darkened it than pass forever irredeemably away to the demons: if this be so, what if the soul's petition be heard? —what if it rise from the ruins around it?—what if the ruins be left to the witchcraft that seeks to rebuild them? There, if demons might enter, that which they sought as their prize has escaped them; that which they find would mock them by its own incompleteness even in evil. In vain might animal life the most perfect be given to the machine of the flesh; in vain might the mind, freed from the check of the soul, be left to roam at will through a brain stored with memories of knowledge and skilled in the command of its faculties; in vain, in addition to all that body and brain bestow on the normal condition of man, might unhallowed reminiscences gather all the arts and the charms of the sorcery by which the fiends tempted the soul, before it fled, through the passions of flesh and the cravings of mind: the Thing, thus devoid of a soul, would be an instrument of evil, doubtless, but an instrument that of itself could not design, invent, and complete. The demons themselves could have no permanent hold on the perishable materials. They might enter it for some gloomy end which Allah permits in his inscrutable wisdom; but they could leave it no trace when they pass from it, because there is no conscience where soul is wanting. The human animal without soul, but otherwise made felicitously perfect in its mere vital organization, might ravage and destroy, as the tiger and the serpent may destroy and ravage, and, the moment after, would sport in the sunlight harmless and rejoicing, because, like the serpent and the tiger, it is incapable of remorse."

"Why startle my wonder," said Derval, "with so fantastic an image?"

"Because, possibly, the image may come into palpable form! I know, while I speak to thee, that this miserable man is calling to his aid the evil sorcery over which he boasts his control. To gain the end he desires he must pass through a crime. Sorcery whispers to him how to pass through it, secure from the detection of man. The soul resists, but, in resisting, is weak against the tyranny of the mind to which it has submitted so long. Question me no more. But if I vanish from thine eyes, if thou hear that the death which, to my sorrow and in my foolishness I have failed to recognize as the merciful minister of Heaven, has removed me at last from the earth, believe that the Pale Visitant was welcome, and that I humbly accept as a blessed release the lot of our common humanity."

Sir Philip went to Damascus. There he found the pestilence raging—there he devoted himself to the cure of the afflicted; in no single instance—so, at least, he declared—did the antidotes stored in the casket fail in their effect. The pestilence had passed, his medicaments were exhausted, when the news reached him that Haroun was no more. The sage had been found, one morning, lifeless in his solitary home, and, according to popular rumor, marks on his throat betrayed the murderous hand of the strangler. Simultaneously Louis Grayle had disappeared from the city, and was supposed to have shared the fate of Haroun, and been secretly buried by the assassins who had deprived him of life. Sir Philip hastened to Aleppo. There he ascertained that on the night in which Haroun died Grayle did not disappear alone; with him were also missing two of his numerous suite—the one, an Arab woman, named Ayesha, who had for some years been his constant companion, his pupil and associate in the mystic practices to which his intellect had been debased, and who was said to have acquired a singular influence over him, partly by her beauty, and partly by the tenderness with which she had nursed him through his long decline; the other, an Indian, specially assigned to her service, of whom all the wild retainers of Grayle spoke with detestation and terror. He was believed by them to belong to that murderous sect of fanatics whose existence as a community has only recently been made known to Europe, and who strangle their unsuspecting victim in the firm belief that they thereby propitiate the favor of the goddess they serve. The current opinion at Aleppo was that if these two persons had conspired to murder Haroun, perhaps for the sake of the treasures he was said to possess, it was still more certain that they had made away with their own English lord, whether for the sake of the jewels he wore about him, or for the sake of treasures less doubtful than those imputed to Haroun—and of which the hiding-place would to them be much better known. "I did not share that opinion," wrote the narrator; "for I assured myself that Ayesha sincerely loved her awful master; and that love need excite no wonder, for Louis Grayle was one whom if a woman, and especially a woman of the East, had once loved, before old age and infirmity fell on him, she would love and cherish still more devotedly when it became her task to protect the being who, in his day of power and command, had exalted his slave into the rank of his pupil and companion. And the Indian whom Grayle had assigned to her service was allowed to have that brute kind of fidelity which, though it recoils from no crime for a master, refuses all crime against him.

"I came to the conclusion that Haroun had been murdered by order of Louis Grayle, for the sake of the elixir of life—murdered by Juma the Strangler; and that Grayle himself had been aided in his flight from Aleppo, and tended, through the effects of the life-giving drug thus murderously obtained, by the womanly love of the Arab woman Ayesha. These convictions (since I could not, without being ridiculed as the wildest of dupes, even hint at the vital elixir) I failed to impress on the Eastern officials, or even on a countryman of my own whom I chanced to find at Aleppo. They only arrived at what seemed the common-sense verdict—viz., Haroun might have been strangled, or might have died in a fit (the body, little examined, was buried long before I came to Aleppo); Louis Grayle was murdered by his own treacherous dependents. But all trace of the fugitives was lost.

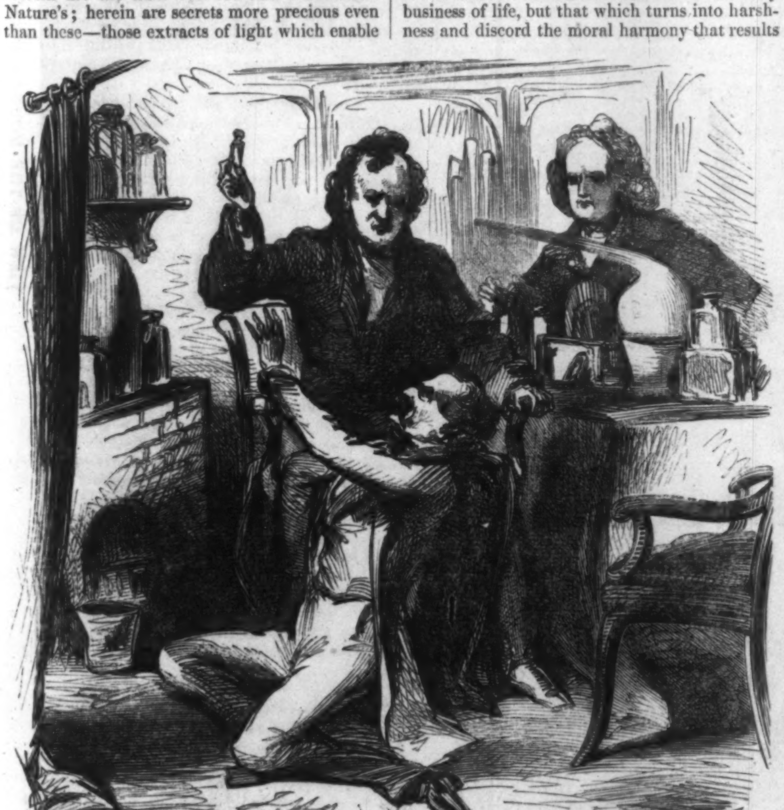
"And now," wrote Sir Philip, "I will state by what means I discovered that Louis Grayle still lived—changed from age into youth; a new form, a new being; realizing, I verily believe, the image which Haroun's words had raised up, in what then seemed to me the metaphysics of phantasy; criminal, without consciousness of crime; the dreadest of the mere animal race; an incarnation of the blind powers of Nature—beautiful and joyous, wanton, and terrible, and destroying! Such as ancient myths have personified in the idols of Oriental creeds; such as Nature, of herself, might form man in her moments of favor, if man were wholly the animal, and spirit were no longer the essential distinction between himself and the races to which by superior formation and subtler perceptions he would still be the king.

"But *this* being is yet more dire and portentous than the mere animal man; for in him are not only the fragmentary memories of a pristine intelligence which no mind, unaided by the presence of soul, could have originally compassed, but amidst that intelligence are the secrets of the magic which is learned through the agencies of spirits to our race the most hostile. And who shall say whether the fiends do not enter at their will this void and deserted temple whence the soul has departed, and use as their tools, passive and unconscious, all the faculties which, skillful in sorcery, still place a Mind at the control of their malice?

"It was in the interest excited in me by the strange and terrible fate that befell an Armenian family with which I was slightly acquainted, that I first traced, in the creature I am now about to describe, and whose course I devote myself to watch and trust to bring to a close—the murderer of Haroun for the sake of the elixir of youth.

"In this Armenian family there were three daughters; one of them—"

I had just read thus far when a dim Shadow fell over the page, and a cold air seemed to breathe on me. Cold—so cold, that my blood halted in my veins as if suddenly frozen! Involuntarily I started and looked up, sure that some ghastly presence was in the room. And then, on the opposite side of the wall, I beheld an unsubstantial likeness of a human form. Shadow I call it; but the word is not strictly correct, for it was luminous, though with a pale shine. In some exhibition in London there is shown a curious instance of optical illusion: at the end of a corridor you see, apparently in strong light, a human skull. You are convinced it is there as you approach; it is, however, only a reflection from a skull at a distance. The image before me was less vivid, less seemingly prominent, than is the illusion I speak of. I was not deceived. I felt it was a spectrum, a phantasm, but I felt no less surely that it was a reflection from an animate form—the form and the face of Margrave: it was there, distinct, unmistakable. Conceiving that he himself must be behind me, I sought to rise, to turn round, to examine. I could not move; limb and muscle were overmastered by some incomprehensible spell. Gradually my senses forsook me—I became unconscious as well as motionless. When I recovered I heard the clock strike Three. I must have been nearly two hours insensible; the candles before me were burning low; my eyes rested on the table; the dead man's manuscript was gone!



"WHEN HE RECOVERED HIS HEAD WAS LEANING ON HAROUN'S KNEE," ETC.

CAPTURE OF A REBEL PICKET.

ON page 740 we publish an illustration of the CAPTURE OF A REBEL PICKET by our troops near Fall's Church. The Washington *Star* thus described the affair:

General Butterfield dispatched Brigade Quarter-master Norton with ten wagons and an escort of the New York Forty-fourth to Shreve's farm, four miles northwest of Fall's Church and west of the Leesburg Pike, to obtain forage. A short distance north of Fall's Church they captured a rebel picket, who had left his post to forage for whisky. Captain Norton at once sent him to head-quarters, though he learned from the prisoner that the rebel pickets were stationed not far back of Shreve's place. Captain Norton judiciously posted his men to repel an attack, but he successfully accomplished the purpose of his expedition without encountering rebel pickets.

The prisoner's name is C. R. Bell, a private of Company E, Captain Revera, Sixth Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Seymour, editor of the New Orleans *Commercial Bulletin*. The regiment is a part of General Walker's Louisiana Brigade. He states that around Centreville is one continuous camp of Confederate troops, including sixty thousand Virginians, under Gustavus W. Smith, and an equal number of North Carolinians, South Carolinians, Georgians, Mississippians, and Louisianians, from fifteen to twenty thousand of whom are at Manassas. Beauregard was at Centreville, his head-quarters being but half a mile from the village. A new regiment of cavalry from North Carolina had just arrived.

VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN REGION (THE SEAT OF WAR) IN WESTERN VIRGINIA, FROM THE SUMMIT OF LIMESTONE MOUNTAIN.

THURLOW WEED, ESQ.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 751.]

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

THE shone like lightning overhead,
  They flashed along from shore to shore,
The bright reflection of their red
  Crimsoned the streets of Baltimore;
And men who saw, serene and clear,
  Their progress through the heavenly heights,
Made the world ring with cheer on cheer,
  Crying, "Behold the Northern Lights!"

They shone on Ellsworth's murdered form;
  They gilded Lyon's far-off grave;
Where Baker's army met the storm,
  They smiled a blessing on the brave.
While Treason turned her head in shame
  To feel her secret thoughts laid bare,
The patriot hailed the sacred flame
  That nerved his heart against despair.

Men of the North! fresh courage take;
  Fear not to meet a little loss;
Ere long our Northern Lights shall break
  The clouds around the Southern Cross.
Our banner floats above us yet,
  And treason e'er in darkness fights;
Not yet our star of hope is set,
  Not yet are quenched our Northern Lights.

We will not stop to reckon all
  The vacant chairs—'twere needless pain—
Of those who at Columbia's call
  Joined the brave host of freedom's slain.
From every grave wherein they lie
  Shall one day burst a victor song;
The Northern Lights are in the sky,
  And all the land shall smile ere long!

S. J. A.

LOVE AND DUTY.

"Is that your fixed determination?"

"I am a Virginian, Helen, and can adopt no other!"

"Then listen to me, Randolph Wyvil! I, too, a daughter of the dear old Bay State—God bless it!—which has shed its first blood in this dreadful quarrel, have *my* sense of right and duty, and, Heaven helping me, will act up to it! And loving you as I have, and as I do, I tell you I will never, never be your wife!"

"Helen!"

"I mean it! I am no heroine—nothing but a girl who might be infinitely wiser and better; but this I *am* sure of, that you are wrong—desperately, wickedly wrong in this matter. You, a soldier, an officer in your country's service, to desert her in her time of need, and, not content with that, to strike at her life by joining this causeless and detestable rebellion! I want words to express my horror of it!"

"You use words which I can hardly listen to with patience, and which I would never brook from a man's mouth! I repudiate the idea of allegiance to a miserable crew of abolitionists and fanatics who have behaved with the blackest dissimulation and treachery—who are not fit to rule over a people every way superior to those they hope to subjugate!"

"The discussion is worse than unprofitable, and I despair of changing your opinion. But it must separate us, and forever."

"Why?"

"I have told you already."

The listener ground his teeth.

"When we lay this accursed city in ashes," he said, "you may think differently! Be wise in time and accompany me to a Southern home."

"If your vain boast were to be accomplished—and so sure as I live I believe the sun will never shine on its fulfillment—I would rather lie dead in my coffin than be the wife of any man who had aided in it."

"They have provoked it! They have invaded *us!* How can you deny it, or justify them? Would you have me a traitor to the soil I was born on?"

"I would have you loyal to your oath and country, not to a miserable misguided section of it. We differ irreconcilably and had better part."

"You have said you love me, Helen, yet you break our engagement thus!"

"Your act, not mine, cancels it! May God forgive you! for, like those who crucified Him, you know not what you do."

"You may never see me again, Helen!"

"I will pray for your safety and pardon night and day, but—but—I can not do what is wrong before Heaven and my own soul!" And Helen Grant burst into a paroxysm of sobs, weeping and hiding her face with her hands, like the woman she was.

Randolph Wyvil threw his arms about her, and would have improved his opportunity and her supposed weakness. But out of that kind of weakness comes a woman's strength. She put him off almost with violence, dashed the tears from her eyes, and confronted him with a look more passionately resolute than he had ever beheld in her good, earnest face.

"I am a fool," she said, "I know, to let you see this, but don't suppose I shall change my resolution. My heart shall be broken before my word."

Wyvil both loved and hated her at that moment. Perhaps one passion is only the other turned inside out.

"Helen!" he cried, "there is no woman on earth who shall be more dearly worshiped in the inmost core of man's heart than you by me if you become my wife. I can respect your convictions, mistaken as you are about our Southern institutions and about this war, which can have but one ending, for Yankees will run like dogs before Southern gentlemen, and—"

Helen interrupted him vehemently, her face flushing. "Spare your insults," she said, "and recollect that *I* am a Yankee!"

He took his rebuke with an ill grace, but apologized. "Forgive me, Helen," he replied; "and for Heaven's sake do not persist in casting away the happiness of both our lives for a miserable fanatical idea."

"That idea is DUTY, Randolph. By no means so romantic a word as love, but one which I have been taught to regard as the only sure foundation of happiness, if not in this world, in the next. May we meet there if divided here!"

"Amen to that. But *must* we part in this?"

"If you persist in your determination."

He took her hand, and looked long, earnestly, beseechingly into her countenance. She loved him very dearly despite his faults, and innumerable tender recollections of past happiness crowded into her mind, all pleading in his behalf, and endeavoring to sap the strength of her resolution. In vain! He might read sorrow there and affection, but, above all, an intense, high-souled conviction of Right, and a determination to abide by it at whatever cost or suffering.

Then an unworthy thought took possession of him. "You have ceased to love me. You will wed another," he said.

She released her hand, and an expression of sweet, sad reproach came into her face. With her upper lip slightly, very slightly curved, she answered, simply: "I think you had better go, Randolph."

It was a thousand times more effective than any stronger or more elaborate condemnation. Goaded, however, to further injustice by the sense of having already committed it, he continued:

"Will you promise to be no other man's wife than mine, Helen?"

"You have no right to exact any such promise, and I shall not give it."

Captain Wyvil burst out into something like an execration. "Farewell, then," he said; "like all of your stock, you have but one Juggernaut idea, before which every thing must be crushed, which is incapable of reason or consideration. I will not bow to it—so be it, and good-day! Go and make Havelocks and scrape lint for your d——d Yankees, for by Heaven they will need the latter!" And without further word of leave-taking he flung himself out of the apartment.

And what did Helen? She has avowed herself no heroine; hence she may be excused acting like one. Instead of being stung into high-spirited resentment at his taunts, and indignantly dismissing him forever from her memory, she turned deathly pale, pressed her hands to her heart as if to quiet its beatings, bowed down her head, and presently wept long and bitterly as if that heart would break. You see that Juggernaut idea of Duty, objurgated by Captain Wyvil, is not an easily-worshiped deity.

What time that officer rode across the Long Bridge over the Potomac into that Virginia, the claims of which he considered superior to those of honor, Helen Grant knelt in prayer for him to Our Father which art in Heaven, beseeching Him to forgive, preserve him, and to turn his heart. Two days afterward she read of his having joined the Southern army.

Three months have passed and a memorable Sunday in July has come—a day which will be remembered in history less in connection with its equally tragic and ludicrous associations than as the one event necessary to arouse a great people to the full extent of the grave and tremendous responsibility they had undertaken. We are at Centreville, eight miles from Bull Run, within an hour of midnight.

It is a close, rainy night, succeeding a sweltering day. There is a heavy, thunderous boom of cannon in the air, almost continuous, insomuch that the rain-drops on the thick-leaved trees fall, shaken by the concussion, to the ground, which has been trodden into a miry quagmire by hosts of flying feet, and is strewn with arms, articles of clothing, knapsacks, and other appurtenances of a soldier. The murky blackness brooding over the woods is here and there reddened by the reflection of a distant conflagration, and portentously lightened at intervals by the glare of rockets. The occasional rattle of musketry, the faint bray of trumpets, the roll of drums, the cries of men calling to one another, the shrill neighing of horses, mingled with more appalling sounds, all confusedly blending into one, are heard ominously in the direction of the recent battle. The main body of the defeated —if that word be applicable to the victims of a mere panic—have swept by, onward to Fairfax Court House, followed by its pursuers. We stand in the little old-fashioned church of Centreville, occupied by the Confederates, as a scanty guard at the door, posted by a rebel officer, intimates. It has been hastily converted into a hospital, where lie friend and foe, tended by a handful of heroic surgeons, who prefer certain capture, possible death, to a selfish abandonment of the dictates of humanity. With them is one solitary woman, a self-appointed hospital nurse.

She moves to and fro in that house of pain, amidst shrieks and groans and sickening sights such as might appall the heart of woman or man, with a blanched cheek but a steadfast purpose, quietly performing the duties assigned to her. The good surgeons know her, and have almost ceased to wonder at her nerve and heroism.

One of them demands her assistance. It is in behalf of an officer sorely wounded by a bayonet-thrust in his side, from which ghastly orifice the blood is welling in dark-red jets. He wears the uniform of a Southern regiment, and the straps on his shoulders indicate the rank of Colonel. Enfeebled by pain and loss of blood he yet preserves his consciousness, and his eyes meet those of the hospital nurse. And with a scream that rings loud above all other sounds of human agony around, and penetrates the brain like a knife, Helen Grant recognizes Randolph Wyvil. In another moment she has sprung to his side, and her white face bends over and touches his.

"Helen!"

"Randolph!"

They said no more, but a silence as intense as full of meaning supplied the place of words. It was broken by Wyvil:

"Thank God we have met!" he said, "though thus. I shall die with less regret now."

"Die! Is there no hope?"

"I think not; I am bleeding too much."

He smiled faintly, and turning on his unwounded side with difficulty, so as to look her in the face, took both of her hands in his. In accordance with the agonized entreaty expressed in Helen's countenance, the surgeon carefully examined his wound. Wyvil eyed him closely, and read sentence of death in his grave aspect.

"Dearest, it is better so!" he said, as Helen sunk stricken, but tearless, beside him whose fast-ebbing life she would willingly have ransomed with her own. "I have been foolish—headstrong —mad—wrong throughout. I know it now; and death may expiate treason. You were right—you always are right—but I did not think so then; only of late I have discovered the truth. If I had had the courage to act on my convictions, I should have been in the opposite ranks to-day. I could not fight for that cause any more, nor live shamed and dishonored. Tell me you forgive me for my brutality at our last parting, and let us pray we may meet in heaven!"

"Oh, may He grant it! *My* forgiveness you need not ask; I have loved you and prayed for you always!"

Randolph's face lighted up with a smile of inexpressible gratitude and affection, almost triumphant in its brightness, and he raised his arm and feebly embraced her.

"Put your face closer; I shall not see it long. Do you remember my taunting you about your adherence to one idea—the idea of Duty—and calling it a Juggernaut? Well, it is I who have been a worshiper of Juggernaut, and a blind one; but my eyes were opened before it rolled over me, and I want you to know it, and to tell others. With a knowledge of these men came an insight into their mad, cruel ends; their emptiness, ambition, and selfishness; the horrible folly and crime in which the whole thing originated. I thought I fought for freedom and for Old Virginia: I have raised an impious hand against both. I know my error now; but it is too late—too late!"

Helen's passionate, burning words of sympathy and consolation need not be recorded. What pen could do justice to them?

"This will be a cruel war—a cruel war!" Randolph said; "but I see the end of it. Ha! what noise is that?" and a flash of temporary animation enabling him, he rose on his pillow, still holding her, and listening.

A confused clamor without; a rush of horses and men; the thud and splash of the hoofs of the former on the miry ground; the jangle of accoutrements; oaths, shouts, outcries, and musket-shots; the rush of the rain; and through and above all the thunderous boom of the cannon. The little church is invested by a straggling party of Confederates—drunk, reckless, and blood-thirsty. They are squabbling with the guard—half a dozen men —who vainly represent to them that the wounded within are of both sides, preventing their entrance. "Go to ——!" "—— Yankees shamming sick!" "Give 'em ——, boys!" "Set the —— —— church on fire!" These and similar ejaculations, accompanied by a pistol-shot and the crash of a musket-butt against the door, indicate the murderous intentions of the intruders. The surgeons gather hastily together, and one of their number quits the building, waving the green sash which he wears as an officer of the staff, in the hope that its recognition will secure the safety of the inmates.

"Take mine, dearest!" cries Randolph to Helen, a glance of wild horror and apprehension brightening his filmy eyes, which the hand of death is fast glazing. "Bind it around you; it may protect you; I know what they are, and—"

A crash of musketry and pistol-shots pouring into the shattered windows interrupts further speech. Another and another, amidst shrieks of pain, outcries, and expostulations, answered by wild yells, savage oaths, and more savage laughter. When the eddying whirls of smoke that filled the building had passed away Helen Grant lay dead on the lifeless breast which would fain have shielded her, a score of bullets having torn through the faithful heart that had sacrificed Love on the altar of Duty, to bury themselves in the already mangled body of Randolph Wyvil.

And, exulting in their devilish work, the rebels rode off into the rain and darkness.

THE TALE HE TOLD THE MARINES.

"SOME time ago," said Jenkyns to three officers of marines with whom he was sitting smoking cheroots, "I was staying with Sir George P——, P—— House, P——shire. Great number of people there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, every thing in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her. For she was a girl to whom the epithet 'stunning' applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus. I've even seen her smoke.

"Ah! she was a stunner: you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day, when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees among the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.

"'Don't be a fool!' she said. 'Now drop it, do! and put me a fresh worm on.'

"'Oh! Fanny,' I exclaimed; 'don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—'

"'I tell you what it is, now,' she replied, angrily, 'if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat.'

"Gentlemen," said Jenkyns, with strong emotion, "I did not drop it; and I give you my word of honor, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. 'Jenkyns,' said I to myself, 'revenge! revenge!' I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house, and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table I perceived that every one had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbor, and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. 'Jenkyns,' said I, 'revenge!' The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans; bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon, though I understood that pretty well before, and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Every thing was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair.

"'Am I to lose my air expedition?' she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car; 'some one understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom,' she called out to me, 'you understand it, don't you?'

"'Perfectly,' I answered.

"'Come along then!' she cried, 'be quick; before papa comes back.'

"The company in general endeavored to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed, and said,

"'How jolly!'

"We were higher than the highest trees and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.

"'I understand the going up part,' I answered; 'to come down is not so easy,' and I whistled.

"'What do you mean?' she cried.

"'Why, when you want to go up faster you throw some sand overboard,' I replied, suiting the action to the word.

"'Don't be foolish, Tom,' she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.

"'Foolish!' I said. 'Oh, dear no! but whether I go along the ground or up in the air I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it, you cripples!' and over went another sand-bag.

"'Why, you're mad, surely,' she whispered in utter terror, and tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back.

"'Only with love, my dear,' I answered, smiling pleasantly; 'only with love for you. Oh, Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife!'

"'I gave you an answer the other day,' she replied; 'one which I should have thought you would have remembered,' she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

"'I remember it perfectly,' I answered, 'but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags; I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand-bag—so, lady fair, as the cabmen would say, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs. Jenkyns.'

"'I won't!' she said; 'I never will! and, let me tell you, that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus.'

"'You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not,' I rejoined, 'when you knocked me out of the boat?' She laughed again, for she was a plucky girl, and no mistake—a very plucky girl. 'However,' I went on, 'it's no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?'

"'Never!' she answered; 'I'll go to Ursa Major first, though I've got a big enough bear here in all conscience. Stay! you'd prefer Aquarius, wouldn't you?'

"She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkyns was to his country); but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through, so I threw over another sand-bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul.

"'Come, Mr. Jenkyns,' she said, suddenly, 'come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this.'

"I continued the execution of the Dead March.

"'But if you do not begin the descent at once I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground.'

"I laughed, seized another bag, and, looking steadily at her, said:

"'Will you promise to give me your hand?'

"'I've answered you already,' was the reply.

"Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

"'I thought you were a gentleman,' said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath; 'I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken; why a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?'

"I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger or Boadicea—if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said:

"'I command you to begin the descent this instant!'

"The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence, I took up another bag, and said:

"'We are getting rather high; if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your hand?'

"She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said:

"'Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you.'

"'Not a wife?' said I.

"'I can't! I can't!' she answered.

"Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me after all; for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said:

"'Fanny, they say that marriages are made in Heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnized there.'

"I took up the fifth bag.

"'Come,' I said, 'my wife in life, or my companion in death! Which is it to be?' and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms, as if it had been a baby.

"'Come, Fanny, give me your promise!'

"I could hear her sobs. I'm the most soft-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and, I confess, she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying: 'Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you will. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables—endow with your priceless beauty the Chief of the Panki-wanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkyns is your slave—your dog—your footstool. His duty, henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order—to do whatever you shall command.' I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

"'You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand.'

"'With all your heart?' I said, quickly.

"'With all my heart,' she answered, with the same strange look.

"I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car and opened the valve. The balloon descended.

"Gentlemen," said Jenkyns, rising from his seat in the most solemn manner, and stretching out his hand, as if he were going to take an oath; "gentlemen, will you believe it? When we had reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master—when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned toward her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which she assured me had been given with all her heart.

"'You villain!' said Sir George, advancing toward me with a horse-whip in his hand. 'You villain! I've a good mind to break this over your back!'

"'Sir George,' said I, 'villain and Jenkyns must never be coupled in the same sentence; and as for the breaking of this whip, I'll relieve you of the trouble,' and, snatching it from his hand, I broke it in two, and threw the pieces on the ground. 'And now I shall have the honor of wishing you a good-morning. Miss P——, I forgive you.' And I retired.

"Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?"

THURLOW WEED, ESQ.

On page 749 we publish a portrait of THURLOW WEED, Esq., from a photograph by Brady—the first ever taken of him. Very few public men of the day are so well known, or so justly entitled to esteem and honor, as Thurlow Weed.

Born, in 1797, at Catskill, New York, he commenced life as a cabin-boy on board a North River sloop; then became "devil" and 'prentice in a printing-office; then, at sixteen, drummer in the army during the war of 1812. His vocation, however, was the press, not the army; and at the close of the war we find him printing and editing a paper in Onondaga County, and afterward in Chenango. His journals do not seem to have succeeded; for at intervals he reappears as a printer, first in New York and then in Albany. We may mention here that, in 1817, he worked at the same press with the senior member of the firm of Harper and Brothers, in the employ of Jonathan Seymour, of this city. His first active connection with politics is said to have been during the canvass which preceded the election of John Quincy Adams; he became still more prominent in the anti-masonic war, in 1826–'27, and during part of this time conducted a journal in Rochester in the interest of the anti-masons.

In the year 1830 the Albany *Evening Journal* was established, and Mr. Weed became its editor. With a brief interval three or four years since, Mr. Weed has ever since edited that influential sheet, and its consequence and power have been mainly derived from his personal influence and sagacity. It is not too much to say that ever since 1835, for a period of twenty-five years, Mr. Weed's strength in this State has been greater than that of any other man. This power he has owed partly to his intuitive knowledge of character and sagacity, and partly to the general public conviction—which, however assailed, has never been shaken—that he is a pure man, and has no other ruling motive than a desire to promote the good of the country. He has invariably refused to share the spoils of political victory. For a short term, a quarter of a century since, he was State printer, but refused a reappointment: and in early youth he served three terms in the State Legislature. With these exceptions he has never accepted office, though there are few places in the gift of either the Government or the people which he might not have held. It is not understood that he is rich, though he has had ample opportunities of making money. He has left that, as well as the rewards of office, to hungrier politicians, and has contented himself with the more substantial prize of political power.

The services rendered by Mr. Weed to the Government since the election of Mr. Lincoln have been great. His industry in aiding the movement of troops and the purchase of supplies has been untiring. He has really been "the State" in this part of the country, though he has held no office and drawn no pay. It was he who, with the aid of detectives, discovered the plot which was to have brought Mr. Lincoln's career to an abrupt close in Baltimore in February last, and who frustrated the plot by the famous night-journey through Baltimore. What Mr. Weed did, in conjunction with General Scott, during the terrible days of March and April last, will never be known until the secret history of that eventful time comes to be written.

Mr. Weed left this port on Saturday last for Europe. He states himself that he goes on private business; the public, however, will be apt to suspect that his private business concerns the public interest. If the suspicion be correct, we may feel assured that our affairs will suffer no mischance in his hands. Few men in the country are such true patriots as Thurlow Weed.

REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.

On page 742 we publish two pictures of the REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC, from sketches from an occasional correspondent with the Potomac flotilla. One represents the batteries at Evansport; the sketch was taken from the mouth of Chickamoxen Creek, directly opposite: the other is Budd's Ferry, on the Maryland shore, directly opposite the batteries, where our troops now are. The *Herald* correspondent thus speaks of the rebel batteries on the Potomac:

The batteries, as far as they are known to exist, and without counting such as may remain masked, now begin at Opossum's Nose, that line extending four miles, to Chapawmisie creek. Below this there is a gap of eight miles to Aquia creek, where, as is well known, another line of batteries begins, extending to Potomac creek, a distance of six and three-quarter miles. From Potomac creek to Mathias Point is a distance of fifteen miles in a straight line, or, following the curve of the shore, seventeen miles. From the former place, nearly to the latter, is a chain of earth-works, but no guns are believed to be mounted. These distances were pricked off with the dividers on Phelps's chart this morning, and have not been guessed at. With regard to the batteries, I repeat, I have seen them, and more than once came near feeling them to some purpose. Taking the batteries as extending from Opossum's Nose to Potomac creek, with a probable gap between, for which I made allowance in previous communications, a line of batteries of nearly twenty miles is clearly made out; and this without taking into account the works between Potomac creek and Mathias Point, or calculating on the strong probability of masked batteries between Opossum's Nose and Freestone Point, in the opposite direction.

COLONEL DOUGHERTY,

OF THE TWENTY-SECOND ILLINOIS REGIMENT.

We publish on page 741, from a sketch by Mr. Bill Travis, a portrait of the gallant COLONEL DOUGHERTY, who was taken prisoner at the battle at Belmont, Missouri, on 7th inst. Colonel Henry Dougherty was born in Wilmington, North Carolina, Aug. 15, 1827. In 1833 his father emigrated to Carlyle, Clinton County, Illinois, where, shortly after their arrival, both of his parents died; so, when only eight years of age, he was left an orphan, to provide for and protect himself. He worked on a farm until sixteen years of age, when, having a passion for adventure, he joined a Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and remained with them one year. On his return to St. Louis he enlisted as a private in the First United States Dragoons, Captain Bergain; went to Oregon, and joined Colonel Kearney's command. In the spring of 1846 he went to New Mexico with the same company, and served through the whole Mexican war, at various times under Generals Scott, Taylor, and Harney. He was in nine different battles—viz., Kenyardo, Lambotha, Taos, Brasito (on the Rio Grande), Sacramento, Buena Vista, and at the taking of the City of Mexico.

A little incident which occurred at the battle of Taos will illustrate his character. He was severely wounded in the leg from a rifle-ball, fell from his horse, and tried to get to the hospital tent, about four hundred yards off, but he became faint and blind. Surgeon Simpson came to his support and carried him to the hospital, dressed his wound, and laid him upon a cot. At this time another of his company was brought in wounded, and while the doctor was looking after him, Colonel D. (then a private), reviving somewhat, slipped out at the rear end of the tent, mounted his horse, and galloped to the hottest of the battle. Smarting from his wound, he fought like a madman till the fight was over. When he retured to the hospital, entirely exhausted, he received a severe reprimand from the doctor, who knew nothing of his absence. When asked why he did so, he only replied, "The fight was not over yet, and I thought it my duty to go and do my part." It was three weeks before he left his cot again. At this time he was only nineteen years of age.

At the close of the war he sailed from Vera Cruz for New Orleans, and was wrecked at Brazos Santiago. He then returned again to New Mexico, and joined Colonel Sumner's command against the Navijo and Apache Indians. On receiving his discharge he returned to Carlyle, in 1852. In 1855 he married, and since then has resided on his farm at Carlyle. At the call of President Lincoln he raised a company, but failed to get accepted. He then joined Captain Johnson's company as a private, was elected to a command, and at the election of regimental officers was unanimously elected Colonel.

Colonel Dougherty stands full six feet high, is finely proportioned, an agreeable companion, perfectly unassuming, strictly temperate and religious, being a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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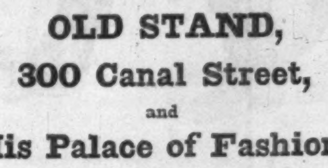

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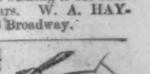

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